

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 8, No. 24 { The Sheppard Publishing Co., (Ltd.) Proprietors. }
Office—No. 9 Adelaide Street West.

TORONTO, MAY 4, 1895.

TERMS: { Single Copies, 5c. } Whole No. 388
Per Annum (in advance), \$2.

Around Town.

The *Globe* of Monday had an excellent article entitled Ten Senatorships, taking for its text the following letter, which had been published in the *Warton Canadian* in order to quiet rumors that Mr. McNeill would be translated to the Senate.

"PUBLIC COUNCIL OFFICE, OTTAWA, April 2, 1895.

"A. McNeill, Esq., M.P.:

"MY DEAR MR. McNEILL.—I have no doubt you have seen, as I have, notices in the papers that you had been or were to be offered a senatorship. I know of no man in the Commons whom I would rather see elevated to the honorable and responsible position of a senator than yourself, but the rumor must have been set afloat by persons having some ulterior object in view, as no such offer has been made, nor has it been considered. Certainly a senatorship was never asked for by you, either directly or indirectly. Moreover, such a step is precluded for the present by the fact that there are no vacancies that have not long since been promised.

"Trusting that you may be successful in the contest before you, I remain, etc., sincerely yours

"MACKENZIE BOWELL."

Following the letter the *Globe* makes a vigorous slash at the system of promising such things as senatorships, and states that there are ten of them now vacant, all of which have been "promised," probably to men who are now members of Parliament but who may not be able as such to survive the general elections. It says, "Ten budding senators can in the meantime afford to treat public opinion with contempt, for however they may set it at defiance a luxurious life chair awaits them in the House of Peers."

Though it is not apparent that these senatorships have been promised to members of the House of Commons, it is very likely that a number of members of the present Parliament have such promises in their pockets, and they can well afford to stomach remedial legislation, Hudson Bay railroad subsidies, a letter-box scandal, a twenty-five thousand dollar hocus-pocus, the bonus to stallions, etc., knowing that even if the Government is defeated they will enter into their reward. Remembering this, however, and recognizing the exceeding fairness of the *Globe*, is it not strange that the organ of the Liberal party does not condemn the appointment of members of the Ontario Legislature to life offices much more remunerative and quite as unencumbered with labor as a seat in the Senate? There is already a long list of members of the Legislature who sat and voted in Ontario's Parliament with either a promise or an appointment in their pockets. In direct violation of the code of morals which the Liberal party formulated and has insisted upon theoretically and outraged most systematically, session after session, it has been noticeable that men who have been nothing but slaves to the Mowat Government have received a reward for deserting every idea of the independence of Parliament. We are not to go into history to discover a glaring instance of this; the appointment of Mr. W. B. Wood, M.P.P., to the registrarship of Brant is not two weeks old, and it is enough, and as it has gone unrebuked by the *Globe* it should be enough to keep that otherwise excellent newspaper silent on the subject of promises, political rewards and violation of the political tenets which inculcate the idea that no man should use his place in Parliament for his own profit.

Speaking about political rewards, it seems very hard for the political party to pay off Hon. T. W. Anglin. Ever since I can remember he has been holding positions given him by the Liberal party, which he has not always held with distinguished honor to himself or profit to his political allies. Now it is said that he has been made Clerk of the Surrogate in the place of Sir James L. Robinson, deceased. Though this is denied unofficially it is probably true. Even under the spoil system it seems a little hard that laborers in the Liberal vineyard of the Maritime Provinces should come here for their reward. There are enough devoted friends of the Mowat Government who have worked well and are weary right here at home. Why not give it to one of them? I am told that the excuse offered for his appointment is that he is needy and old, being somewhat past the threescore years and ten. Is not this another commentary upon the misuse of Ontario's patronage? Without any intention to refer unkindly to Hon. Mr. Anglin, who is a very pleasant gentleman, it does neither him nor the Mowat Government credit that he should be appointed because he needs it and must necessarily on account of his age soon vacate it and leave the desirable plum to touch the lips of somebody else. At least, in view of these facts, the *Globe* should be silent with regard to the vacant senatorships, all of which have been promised, or should denounce similar misdeeds when done by its own friends at home.

The Cobban Manufacturing Company have long been clamoring for a site on the Esplanade and offering a ridiculously inadequate price for the amount of land which they allege to be necessary. The people of Toronto are getting a little tired of this topic and I imagine that the Cobban Company are not improving their business standing nor endearing themselves to those who should be their customers, by making threats of leaving the city's confines if their offer be not accepted. Torontonians individually and our alleged executive are well known to be exceedingly anxious to retain all the factories they have at present and to get new ones, but it is evident that the moment this city is coerced into accepting an unreasonable offer from one firm it will be approached by all other manufacturers with

similar propositions, therefore the present question should be dealt with having this in view. If we have to hire manufacturers to stay here despite all the advantages our location offers, it will soon be cheaper for the rate-payers concerned to obtain pauper passes or buy railroad tickets and leave Toronto themselves.

I think one of the most satisfactory and gratifying evidences of the public confidence reposed in Mgr. Satolli ever since he undertook the mission of papal legate to America, was the recent presentation of a petition to him by the members of the Christian Endeavor societies of the United States and Canada. This petition was caused by a very bitter attack made upon the Christian Endeavorers by Rev. Father Phelan, a Roman Catholic priest of St. Louis and editor of the *Western Watchman*. The article reflected upon the morality of the young people who meet in the

of doctrine and while religious sectarianism is permitted to enter into politics and they may be opposed as to the temporal power of the church, yet it is gratifying to see Protestants recognizing the goodness and greatness of a Catholic prelate and asking him for redress, relying upon him for justice, and thus emphasizing the nearness if not the unity of all Christians.

It is reported that at Port Tampa, Fla., a prominent merchant of the place was unmercifully whipped by female White Caps because he had been in the habit of going home drunk and abusing his wife. It gives one pleasure to know that at least one wife-beater has had to take his own medicine till his yells could be heard for a half a mile. While not an advocate of the New Woman as she is set forth by novelists such as Grant Allen, I believe that a part of a girl's training should be to take care of herself and be prompt to resent physically any attack made upon her. While womankind is

speculator and sabbatarian crank. The roles that he is playing are so dissimilar that we would expect him to "make himself up" a little between the acts. His latest crusade is against Sunday newspapers, which he is prepared to fine more heavily than he would an unlicensed saloon. Newsboys who dare sell Sunday newspapers he is ready to correct as if they had stolen the money rather than taken an opportunity to make an honest nickel. He desires to prohibit railway traffic on Sunday except in the case of through freight trains, and he ought to be aware that Moses would not have allowed this; Sunday excursions are to become a mortal sin, with the penalty of a hundred dollars for the first offence and two hundred for subsequent ones, and he is prepared to divide the fines between the prosecutor and the municipality, and in this way to produce that frightful, loathsome and false-swearing class known as informers. If John Charlton, M.P., is a sample of the Liberal

This makes it evident that we not only pay the salary of our own Lieutenant-Governor, but the salaries of more than half the others. Ontario consequently is interested in the passage of Mr. McMullen's bill for the reduction of salaries all around. The other provinces can afford to vote for the present stipends, inasmuch as they pay only a portion of them, but Ontario should insist upon the strictest economy in this respect. Ontario should insist upon economy in every respect, for we are really paying the shot. The question of maintaining our own Lieutenant-Governor in proper style is a small matter as compared with the very great subject of Ontario furnishing the frills and farbelows, the wine and cream for other provinces.

The Dominion Government has been very recently tormented by a spasm of economy. The estimates as submitted to Parliament show a decrease of two million dollars as compared with last year's expenditure. If it can be decreased this year it could have been decreased ten years ago. A deathbed repentance is said to have but little influence with the Almighty Maker of the man who has devoted his life to the devil and gives the dregs of his existence to God. The deathbed repentance of the Conservative Government in the matter of extravagance has not proven that it has had a change of heart, and I fear it will have but little influence with the thoughtful reader of what happens at Ottawa. Had these people been sincere the reduction in the departments that could properly be reduced would have occurred long ago; as it is, the larger amounts show the reductions to have been made in the Militia and other departments in which the whole nation is interested. Superannuation, the most unrighteous of all votes, has been increased, and while the Mounted Police have been properly cut down to the extent of about a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, the fund placed at the disposal of the Immigration Department has been decreased, and there is every sign that the estimates have been carved by desperate men who at the last moment have determined to make a reputation which they do not deserve of administering the great affairs of their departments for a nation instead of for a party.

Of course it is very hard to invade the departments in which one's best personal friends are engaged and suggest those large reductions of salary which the exigencies occasioned by hard times not only suggest but absolutely demand. If the Liberal party were likely to be brave or sincere enough to take the carving-knife in its hand and slash right into things, and make the employees of the Government feel as hard up and submissive as the elector feels who has been poverty-stricken owing to the low price of wheat and the dump in everything merchantable, we might hope for a diminution of expense sufficient to justify a change of government. But have they either the sincerity or courage? There is no use of Mr. Laurier and his colleagues suggesting trivial reductions; for small reductions in expenses will not prevent the bankruptcy of many people who rely upon the result of the forthcoming election and the fate of the National Policy for either bread or ruin.

Not until the policy of the Opposition is fully declared can anyone prophesy the result. Never was there a better opportunity for astute men to declare themselves and obtain possession of the Government benches. If an Opposition led by Mr. Laurier is unable to do it under the existing circumstances, they would be unable to govern. My own opinion is that they will be unable to govern when they get an opportunity, though many are of the opinion that they will get an opportunity. The Conservative party needs a washday, a ripping-up of things such as comes with house-cleaning, and I shall not endeavor to conceal the fact that it will be satisfactory to many of the Conservative party to know that they may have to clean house and watch the Grit party trying to keep house. About as soon as one is over the other will end. I do not imagine that the Liberals are competent to take care of the job very long. The electorate, however, will be instructed and enlightened by observing what happens should the two suggested events follow one another.

It strikes me that honest Conservatives will admit that the time has come for house-cleaning. The Liberals claim that it is their turn to show what they can do in keeping house. I imagine that both results will have been presented to us before five years elapse, and that the Conservative party, rid of those barnacles which have clung to it so long, will renew their lease of power as they did once before and go on to make the country great and their party powerful.

I should not be surprised if Lord Aberdeen were to play a rather prominent part in the politics of the next thirty days. It is said that in a moment of alarm Sir Mackenzie Bowell consulted him with regard to matters which involved the probity of a Cabinet Minister, and that properly enough the Governor-General, not having been satisfied with the explanations offered, proposes to have the whole matter investigated. It is rather disquieting to feel that a gentleman who is ordinarily esteemed as nothing but a figurehead should become a factor in our active politics, yet circumstances alter cases, and it is possible that the exigencies of the present period may be



THE KISS AT THE WELL.

Christian Endeavor societies, and was entirely unjustifiable. The petition calls attention to the statements published and asks in altogether too vigorous language that he be rebuked for having made charges so general and slanderous. I have never had any sympathy with those peripatetic and dirty-minded people who are continually charging the priests and sisterhoods of the Roman Catholic church with systematic improprieties of conduct. Nothing is so degrading to a proper idea of the goodness and purity of civilized men and women as these reckless and unfounded slanders against those who are not only equal to the standard of humanity but profess holier things. If we too readily believe evil of them, what must be our idea of the innate virtue of those who make little or no profession of sanctity? They are still our brethren and sisters and are naturally no worse than the generality, inasmuch as they only possess like passions with ourselves, but it is claimed they have special temptations. If Mgr. Satolli rebukes Father Phelan it will do much to stop the ignorant and insolent from insulting the religious and priests of his own denomination. While Protestants may differ with Catholics on matters

weaker than the males of the species, she ought to be able to readily slap the face of anybody who insults her in the street and make a vigorous resistance to punishment inflicted upon her by an inhuman husband or a drunken loafer. There is a class of men that cannot be repelled by a stare or the turning away from them. I think it is perfectly right for a woman to use her parasol or fists, or anything else, in her own defence, and nothing is more apt to cure a row of his indecencies and impertinences. If it is in her home she ought to use a shotgun or a club. It is inconceivable that a man can be so brutal as to strike a woman, yet as such episodes often occur, those to whom they are likely to happen should make up their minds that the first time must be the last, and a carving-knife or anything that is handy is a perfectly proper instrument of self-protection.

This country would be glad to be rid of the parliamentary services of Mr. John Charlton of Norfolk. The Liberal party would be better off without Mr. John Charlton of Norfolk, for the only vacancy that he seems to fill in the House of Commons is that of the Yankee timber

party we should fervently pray that the Conservatives remain in power. If the Parliament of Canada does not vote this ostentatious apostle of extreme sabbatarianism out of sight, then by all means adhere to the old regime. We have few enough liberties and they seem to be threatened upon every side. Upon one side is the dominant party, which threatens us with remedial legislation; upon the other side are John Charlton and his cohorts, who threaten us with cast-iron sabbatarian laws. Upon the Conservative side we have a tariff that has not worked to our disadvantage as much as the Liberals would have liked, and on the other hand we have Conservatives who have engaged in scandals much more than we like; but if it be a question involving the happiness of the whole people we had better be robbed of our money by the Tories than be robbed of our personal liberty by John Charlton and the Grits.

The salaries now allowed the various lieutenant-governors of the provinces of Canada aggregate seventy-one thousand dollars a year. As Ontario pays at least three-fifths of this taxation the amount expended by this Province is forty-two thousand six hundred dollars,

such as to make it proper for Lord Aberdeen to assert himself.

I may be reading something between the lines which cannot be found in the text, but I feel convinced that Mr. Laurier's attack upon Sir Frank Smith was based on information received from Lord Aberdeen. The unwonted vigor and vigor in Mr. Laurier's attack upon our much respected senator from Toronto meant more than a moment's spleen. I feel positive that Mr. Laurier knew exactly what he was talking about and that he was not trespassing upon the confidence reposed in him by someone when he started out to dress down the ruling party, which it must be admitted has always utilized the Governor-General to the full extent of his endurance. Lord Aberdeen has a decided tendency to do things as he sees fit, and with all his faults and little airs he has the courage and determination of a Scotchman. I do not intend to hint that he is in a cabal with Mr. Laurier, but I do think that Sir Frank Smith's interview with him has been paraded to such an extent that he has been forced to explain the matter to Mr. Laurier and in an indirect way to authorize a disclaimer. Nor can he be generally criticized, for he doubtless feels that he has been utilized in an improper manner. Apart from the expressions of Mr. Laurier, which seemed unusually bitter, the statements made by the leader of the Opposition were such as to demand the attention of the country. Our politics should not be like the performance of a ventriloquist who, with two puppets on his knee, proceeds to entertain the audience by putting all sorts of expressions in the mouth of each. We would have very little self-respect if we permitted ourselves to be hoodwinked by a pretense that a Roman Catholic senator had been called to form a ministry when he was not called, in order that the way should be prepared for the Past Grand Master of the Orangemen by the so called recommendation of the said Roman Catholic senator. As a rule we do not have a Roman Catholic John the Baptist as the voice crying in the Wilderness for an Orangeman. Are we children to be hoodwinked by this sort of thing? Are the men who are doing it statesmen or merely political confidence operators who are endeavoring to obtain place by playing all sorts of music and doing all sorts of things in the names of two opposite factions? To me it seems nothing but queer business, and I am neither surprised nor displeased that it was exposed as Mr. Laurier exposed it, and I have a growing confidence that Lord Aberdeen, with all his little faults, is possessed of at least the virtue of not proposing to be a cat's-paw for anybody.

It is very amusing to see the comments that are being made upon Rev. Manley Benson's little scoop of eleven hundred dollars as an immigration lecturer in the Old Country during his summer holidays. We all remember this reverend gentleman as an enterprising manager of Grimsby Park, but none of us conceived him quite smooth enough to get a job such as he had from the Immigration Department. He was not away from Canada very long, but he made it pay, and if the Methodist Church does not enquire into his little piece of enterprise we will have to consider the Methodist Conference as a commercial concern, permitting its members, in the phrase of the ward, to "go in for stuff." It is really a great scheme, using the clergy who go away on account of weariness and "hay fever," as immigration agents. Why not give them temporary appointments as fishery inspectors when they go up to catch bass and as game wardens when they go out to hunt? The idea that the religious bodies have to have a little piece of everything that is going seems to be developing, and Bro. Benson has to be thanked for fixing the prices away up. His lecturing in the Old Country, which could not have covered a period of more than six weeks, brought him nearly as much as he could get by preaching the gospel in this wooden country for nearly six months, and his pay was probably going on while he went away to rest. It is a great scheme. I would like to negotiate with some government to do a little lecturing on the terms which seem to have been granted to Bro. Benson. Times are hard and people who would like to have an outing are frequently forced to stay at home on account of the means not being forthcoming. If, however, the Government will supply the funds for all the preachers, we can make it red-hot in the Old Country during the summer, and if the entire population does not move out here it will be on account of the hardness of heart and the stiff-neckedness of the Old Countrymen, for I can assure the Government that they can have at least ten thousand of us weary ministers ready to pound along on the Benson line at the rate established by the bill set forth in the public accounts.

The change in the directorate of the Grand Trunk, long prayed for in this country, has come at last and the disasters that have overtaken this company were of its own creation. In the face of the failure of this enormous and far-reaching railroad, extending through the most populous part of the United States and Canada, to make a dividend; it is uproariously idiotic for the Dominion Government to subsidize the Hudson Bay Railroad, which runs through desolation, over muskegs and around rocks, from Nowhere to Nowhere. The claim that it is only a loan is an excuse which no business man will accept for a moment. It is not a colonization road, for you could not colonize potato-bugs on a muskeg nor locate even the industrious ant on the rocks; it is an open and shut squandering of public money, and it would be much better to present the city of Winnipeg with half a million, the Province of Manitoba with half a million, the contractors with half a million to be divided up with the Government, and leave the other million in the pockets of the taxpayers of Canada. If we are to be robbed let it be done reasonably. The road will be no earthly good. The Government should at least leave us the price of the road as the taxpayers' share, but leave it in cash, not in crumbling bridges, rusty rails and rotten ties—this being the condition of the forty miles already built.

As predicted, the University commission had

nothing but a pail of whitewash, a brush and somebody to wield it. The real grievance, the inefficiency of the president and professors, was not gone into and thus the only vital subject of enquiry was left out. DON.

Money Matters.

Earnings of the Toronto Railway system during April were larger than were generally looked for. They were \$74,862 as compared with \$67,990 in April of last year, showing an increase of \$6,872. It will be remembered that I gave a tip two weeks ago to buy Toronto Railway at 75. It declined to 72 and has since sold up to 76. I think it will advance further. Three weeks ago I pointed out that Dominion Bank was not a particularly attractive purchase around 270. I mentioned that considering the present earnings of the bank a safe rule to adopt was that of buying sound banks to yield 5 per cent. or well up to it. I am now inclined to take a more favorable view of bank stocks, as recent developments lead to the conclusion that in the incoming year earnings of the banks will improve. In regard to Dominion, it has reached a level where I should say it is safe to buy it freely. It sold this week at 263 and offered at 265. Purchases anywhere between these two figures will show good profits in time.

Last week I called attention to the probability of insurance stocks taking another turn for the better. Since I wrote both British America and Western Assurance have gone up two points. They may remain steady for a while around present prices, but I think in the course of a month they will advance from three to four per cent. My advice on Bell Telephone last week has proved profitable to those who followed it. I intimated that it would not be good policy for holders to take fright at the prospective opposition and throw their stock overboard. This is precisely what they have not done, as offerings have been light and it is said, composed entirely of speculative holdings in Montreal. The investors have not been shaken out. Demand for it is picking up again and there has been an advance of 2½ points from the lowest. If there were no prospect of opposition this stock would be a greater favorite, but as it is I don't think there is any immediate chance of a decline. Commercial Cable is again being revived as a speculative favorite. A short time ago I stated in this column that the old Cable stand-bys were again taking hold and that they had a better chance now than for many months to get back losses made two years ago. I am quite friendly to Cable.

The Richelleu "boost" has not lasted long. The quotation is still hanging around 97. I should not care to touch it at anything like that figure. It may be "boosted" by the clique and then again it may be allowed to decline. Earnings last year were said to be good, but there are several other considerations besides earnings which the investing public should take cognizance of.

My attention has been drawn to an article in a Montreal paper on Montreal Street Railway, and I am asked why I advise purchases of this stock when it pays only an 8 per cent. dividend and is quoted in the 190's. The writer of the article, I think, is not well informed. He states that allowing gross earnings this year to be \$1,100,000 the company will be able to pay the 8 per cent. dividend and transfer \$60,000 to the reserve fund. I cannot understand how this conclusion is reached. If the earnings will be \$200,000 more than last year (which I doubt) the company should be able to pay 10 per cent. and add a very large sum to the reserve fund, as operating expenses will not exceed last year's and the fixed charges are not much more. Last year the company earned over 9 per cent. Present earnings show an increase of fully 3 per cent. This stock is high, but I do not think it will be bought much lower. For investors who desire a gilt-edged investment to yield a fraction more than 4 per cent. I do not know anything better than Montreal Street Railway. There may not be much in it at present for a speculative purchase, but the tendency, in my opinion, will be steadily upward.

A New York financier writes as follows: "The majority of far-sighted observers agree as to the improbability of a violent and continuous advance during the coming season in wheat and securities alike. Yet on the other hand, it is well to forget how large a part assured sentiment and reconstructed credit are playing in this year's price recoveries. The year 1879, which opened with the resumption of specie payment, was marked, later on, by the largest American crops of wheat, corn and cotton then on record. Yet wheat, within the year, advanced from one dollar to a half dollar and a half bushel. Corn rose from 47 cents to 62; cotton from 9½ to 12. The simultaneous rapid recovery in security prices is still a tradition of the St. ck Exchange."

ESAU.

Social and Personal.

A large reception was held by Miss Knox at Haverhill Hall on Friday evening of last week.

A pretty children's party was given by Mrs. Caesar of Grosvenor street on Friday, April 26.

Mrs. Frank Macdonald gave a charming tea on Saturday afternoon.

Miss Beatrice Dartnell of Whitby was the guest of Mrs. Farrar of the White House Rosedale, last week. Miss Dartnell, who I believe has a musical career in the future, came up for the Yaw concert and returned home on Saturday.

Mrs. (Senator) McLaren and her three daughters, with Miss Cowans, a charming Montreal demoiselle, have been staying at the Queen's for a fortnight and left on Saturday for home. I am told they will probably return for the Jockey Club May meeting.

Mrs. and Miss McFarland of Enfield Villa, Markdale, have been the guests of Mrs. W. E. Southgate of 101 Walmer road before leaving on a Continental tour.

Mrs. Kerr of Charles street entertained on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. John Cawthra gave a small dinner on Wednesday evening.

Among the smart people at Mrs. Kirkpatrick's Wednesday reception this week was her sister-in-law, Mrs. Macpherson, who, with her husband, has recently returned from the Continent. Mrs. Macpherson has been for a fortnight with Mrs. Percival Ridout at Rosedale House.

The Bishop of Algoma is expected home this month and, with his family, will reside at the Sault during the summer.

Mrs. Marguerite Trew Gray made her debut before a Toronto audience at a concert in St. George's Hall on Monday evening. Mrs. Trew Gray looked very handsome in a trained white gown with panels of black velvet. After singing she was presented with a bouquet.

On Saturday, Maplehyrn was en fête during the afternoon, when Major and Mrs. Cosby received a very large and smart crowd of friends. During the reception it became whispered about that the *raison d'être* of the affair might be traced to the fact that Saturday saw the close of a quarter of a century of married

life to the handsome Major and his lady. Many kind words and wishes went from guests to hosts, with assurance of sincerity such as is guaranteed by personal popularity as well as estimable character. Major and Mrs. Cosby and their charming family will live long and happily if good wishes rule.

Zetland Lodge At Home on Saturday evening was a most sociable and jolly affair. The lodge members, their families and friends passed a very happy evening together in a most pleasant and informal manner.

Toronto caterers have been busy lately with out-of-town weddings. Two smart affairs in St. Kits and Belleville took place this week.

A number of society people are forming classes to take advantage of Fraulein Holtermann's five weeks' German course which begins this week. The lectures are given in the Confederation Life building every afternoon and evening, and I am informed that last year's students were very much indebted to such a course during subsequent tours in Germany.

The band of the Royal Grenadiers gave their annual dinner on Friday evening of last week.

Miss Alexandra Bonnycastle of Campbellford, the bright and pretty daughter of Major R. H. Bonnycastle, has gone to New York for a few weeks' visit.

Dr. H. B. Anderson is spending a few months in Baltimore, Md.

Mrs. W. Hamilton, Macdonell avenue, and her daughter, Mrs. W. T. C. Boyd of Bobcaygeon, are spending a couple of weeks in Boston and New York.

Mr. James Knowles sailed on Saturday, April 27, for Cape Town, South Africa.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Williams of Oshawa sailed by steamer Etruria on Saturday last for England, where they expect to remain for three months, visiting some of the principal cities in Europe.

Mr. Alexander Nairn and the Misses Nairn of Kelsoide returned from the South this week.

Mrs. C. J. H. Winstanley, of 261 Wellington street west, left New York on Saturday, April 20, and arrived in Liverpool on the following Friday.

The Mendelssohn Choir concert on Thursday evening attracted hosts of people who appreciate refined and excellent singing. What a happy thought it was of the management to have Bain get up those artistic programmes on blotting-paper and do away with the abominable crackle which greets the turning-over of pages in the ordinary stiff programmes. Moreover, the choir supply the programmes gratis, which is another nice way of theirs. The said noiseless affairs were delicately tinted in gray and lavender and daintily scented with lavender water. Verily the Mendelssohn Choir have set a brave example of artistic and elegant excellence in this small matter, while they have not failed in greater ones.

The fourth annual ball of the 33rd Battalion, Clinton, was held on Friday evening, April 19, and was a very brilliant and successful affair. The hall was very tastefully decorated with flags and bunting, and the walls and stage were covered with the implements of warfare which our Government supplies to its citizen soldiers. The music was furnished from London.

The Thesplan Club announce their inaugural At Home at St. George's Hall on May 17. Though a new organization this club numbers several clever amateurs among its members, and being under the management of Mr. Herbert Fortier the friends of the Club can count on a delightful evening.

The Misses Mary and Gertrude O'Hara have removed from St. George street and are now living at 115 Bloor street west.

During her visit to New York Mrs. Alexander Cameron, with Miss Hugel, visited Mr. W. Elliott Haslam's studio and heard some of Mr. Haslam's pupils, prominent among whom was Mrs. I. A. Klein, who sang a cavatina from Robert le Diable and The Last Rose of Summer for the visitors. I hear Mr. Haslam will very shortly visit Toronto.

Society is now looking forward to the Races as the next large event to be considered and enjoyed. Many applications for fine weather and propitious offerings to Jupiter Pluvius are in order. There are many smart gowns already ordered and in some cases completed, and the question of "Hat or bonnet?" racks many a feminine mind. A great many visitors will, as usual, be on hand, and several house parties are being arranged.

Miss Guttin of Loretto Abbey gave a leaving recital yesterday evening, assisted by the Choral Class, the St. Cecilia Club and a string quartette, composed of Messrs. Anderson, Dinelle, Danville and Miss Butler.

Houses have been generally turned out o' windows this week, and housekeepers have been generally invisible. Some very lovely new schemes of decoration are being adopted by several ambitious and artistic hostesses.

The Euchre Club was entertained by Mrs. Sloan on Wednesday of last week.

A reception was given at the Y.M.C.A. by the new secretary, Mr. Pratt, on April 24. Mr. and Mrs. Pratt have taken up their quarters on Jarvis street and Mrs. Pratt has made many friends in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Crane have been some time at the Queen's, having given up Mr. J. G. Scott's house, which they leased furnished for the winter.

Mrs. Alfred Benjamin gives a tea next Wednesday afternoon.

The Toohowaw Tennis Club held a very successful reorganization meeting on Wednesday evening of last week at the residence of Mr. Langford, Broadview avenue. Mr. Edward

Blong was re-elected honorary president. Dr. Cleland retains the office of president, while the vice-presidential chair will be filled by Mr. J. G. Chester. An active committee was appointed to prepare the way for the coming season, and with an increased membership the Club looks forward to a prosperous summer. A hearty vote of thanks to the retiring officers for the efficient manner in which they attended to their duties last season was unanimously passed and the meeting adjourned, with excellent prospects for a pleasant and successful season for the young club.

Mr. F. E. Boulter gave a very pleasant progressive euchre party and dance at the Pictonia, for his sister, Miss Boulter of Picton, one evening recently. Among those present were: Miss Nelly Boulter of Picton, Miss Baker of Bradford, Pa., Miss F. Clapp of Harrison, Ont., Mrs. Madill, Misses B. Sinclair, Grant, Scott, Dottie Lamont, M. Lamont, Woods, Bon-gard, Donna Lamont, Buchanan, Reid, and Messrs. Madill, A. Brownlee, G. C. Wilmott, J. Lindsey, J. Sinclair, F. Dawar, Galbraith, W. Lamont, Grant, C. Lindsay, J. Anderson, Scott and C. McKee.

At the Yaw concert society was well represented in spite of the postponement, which tangled up one's engagements in a very sad manner. Sweet Miss Yaw, with her quaint coiffure and winsome face, would have disarmed the wickedest critic, even had her reputation not been ably sustained by her performance. That little confidential childlike nod of the head, which does duty for the conventional bow in her case, was most fetching, but Miss Yaw is unconventional in every act and gesture, and, *mirabile dictu*, is neither forward nor awkward on that account. When the bouquet was presented she tucked it under her arm, which showed the nodding roses to perfection. Her gown was unconventional also, a soft white silk draped with lace in a peculiarly dowdy fashion and balloon sleeves of satin. But it is a sincere tribute to her charm and originality to note that after one fastidious protest the most fashionable of the audience forgot its shortcomings and forgave its ancient mode. Miss Yaw is pathetically suggestive of physical frailty, but one forgets even that. A memory of liquid silvery notes, quaint gestures, glances and smiles and the inimitable nod is what one retains of the appearance of Ellen Beach Yaw.

The Victoria Dramatic Club will hold their fourth annual At Home on Thursday evening, May 9, at Dovercourt Hall, corner Bloor street and Dovercourt road, and judging from the success of their previous entertainments a most enjoyable evening is looked for. The pieces they will produce are A Charming Pair, a farce by Williams, and a comic drama by Morton, called A Desperate Game. The theatricals will be followed by dancing, with the advantage of a good floor and good music. The Patronesses are: Mrs. George T. Denison, Mrs. A. M. M. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. C. Greville Harston, Mrs. C. Colley-Foster, Mrs. Alfred Wright, Mrs. Milligan, Mrs. H. F. Strickland, and Mrs. Henry Wade. The stewards are: Messrs. A. E. Kirkpatrick, R. L. Cowan, C. Lyons Foster, E. Foster Ambury, A. G. W. Langtry, E. S. Read, G. T. Denison, Jr., J. W. Chadwick, H. Gerald Wade, Claude L. N. Norrie, and Mr. H. F. Strickland, secretary. The committee have made arrangements for street cars to run up to 1:30 o'clock.

The Misses Hawley of 108 Denison avenue gave a delightful birthday At Home on Friday, April 26. Miss Ida looked well in pale pink silk, with pearls and diamonds, to which was added the charm of roses of the palest tint, while Miss May wore a blue silk gown tastefully decorated with Dresden ribbon and garlands of roses. Refreshments were served in the spacious dining-room. Among those present were: Misses Cochrane, Passmore, Noble, Klingner, Ross, Beverly, Robinson, Blackmore, the Misses Washburne of Buffalo, Miss Sloan, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kirby, Miss Gertie Cook, Miss Baldwin, Messrs. Brown, Ed. K. Rhy, A. McGuire, Thomas Green, F. Curry, W. Street, E. Lyons, W. Noble, B. Boney, E. Kearns and C. Weeford of London, E. Swift, Hoosburg and Harry Collins of Buffalo.

What It Is.

"The bloomer dress," says a Western humorist, "is a pair of trousers very baggy at the knees, abnormally full at the pistol pockets and considerably full where you strike a match. The garment is cut *decollé* at the south end and the bottoms tied around the ankles or knees to keep the mice out. You can't put it over your head like you do your shirt nor around you like a corset, but you must sit on the floor and pull it on just as you do your stockings, one foot at a time in each compartment. You can easily tell the right side to have in front by the buttons on the neckband."

BEST MAKES OF ENGLISH CUTLERY

DESSERT, FISH, GAME, CARVING

KNIVES AND FORKS

... IN SETS AND CASES ...

RICE LEWIS & SON

LIMITED

Cor. King and Victoria Streets

TORONTO



Wedding Cakes...

Are as good as the best men and the best materials can make them. We ship them by express to all parts of the Dominion. Safe arrival guaranteed. Write for catalogue or estimate to

The HARRY WEBB CO., Ltd., Toronto

The Largest Catering Establishment and Wedding Cake Manufactory in Canada

WM. STITT & CO.

Paris Kid Glove Store

NOVELTIES IN MILLINERY

We are showing some very fine French pattern Hats and Bonnets this week.

NOVELTIES IN DRESS MATERIALS

Just received, a line of lovely Silk Crepons, colored and black.

DRESSMAKING DEPARTMENT

The newest materials and designs for Tailor-made and Afternoon Gowns.

SPECIAL PRICES FOR TROUSSEAU

We make this a special department, and study to have a large and varied stock to choose from.

Novelties in Gloves for Easter Trade

Special line of Gloves this week in all the newest tints and in all sizes for 75c. and \$1.00 per pair.

R. and G. Corsets in Every Style

F. and D. French Corsets

WM. STITT & CO.

11 and 13 King St. East, Toronto

White China

WE HAVE JUST OPENED

7 Casks

Every shipment contains some special lines, which are picked up as soon as shown.

PANTECHNETHECA

116 Yonge Street

ELLIS'

Toronto's Leading Diamond House.

Ladies' Watches

Silver Bracelet Watches.

And the most fashionable sizes in gold cases, exquisitely engraved, enameled and set with Diamonds, Rubies and Pearls, in very choice new designs. And our prices, the fairest in Canada for high-class goods, are marked in plain figures on everything.

The J. E. ELLIS' Co., Ltd.

Toronto's Leading Diamond House

Established Over 55 Years.

TORONTO—3 KING STREET EAST

Dunlop's

...The FLORIST

Roses, Violets, Orchids, Carnations, Lilies of the Valley, Marguerites and Niglonette

Flowers ordered by mail are carefully selected from the freshest cut blooms for their keeping qualities, and extra precautions taken in packing, thus insuring safe arrival.

Descriptive price list on application.

SALESROOMS:

Downtown 5 KING STREET WEST 'Phone 1494
Uptown 445 YONGE STREET 'Phone 4193
Conservatories - Bloor Street West
VISITORS WELCOME

Social and Personal.

The *soiree musicale* given by the committee and faculty of St. Hilda's College on April 25 was very delightful. Convocation Hall, Trinity College, was transformed into a *salon*, chairs and sofas were cosily grouped, and congenial people soon settled in pleasant circles and listened to some excellent music. Miss Connie Jarvis, Miss Maggie Huston and Miss Evelyn de Latre Street were the ladies who kindly gave their services, while Messrs. Tor Pyk and Delasco sang several songs. Coffee was served with some light refreshments near the close of the programme, and a collection was taken up for St. Hilda's College, the claims of which were eloquently set forth by Prof. Jones in a short address. The audience, as might be supposed, with such an object, was representative of very smart society. A few of those present were: Judge and Mrs. Kingsmill, Mrs. and Miss Caythra, Mr. Bertie Cawthra, Mr. and Miss Beardmore, Mr. and Mrs. DuVernet, Miss Lazars, Mr. and the Misses MacMurphy, Mrs. Sweetman, Mr. and the Misses Chadwick, Mr. Grayson Smith, Mademoiselle Perrier, Mr. and Mrs. Hoskins, Mrs. and Miss Denison, Mrs. Hetherington, Miss Featherstonhaugh, Mrs. and the Misses Gibson, Miss Playter, Professor and Mrs. Clark, Miss Maud Givens, and many others.

One of the most delightful concerts of the season was that given by the pupils of St. Joseph's Academy on Tuesday afternoon. In the interpretation of their well selected and nicely contrasted musical programme the pupils gave evidence of superior talent and well directed study. A favorite number on the programme and one which charmed the audience, was the instrumental duo by Lohst, in which pianos, violins, guitars, mandolins, harps and bells blended harmoniously. The exquisite rendering of Liszt's Rhapsodie Hongroise created a very favorable impression on the large audience. The recitations by Misses Quinn and Hernon were soul-inspiring, and Miss Willoughby sang in her usual fine style. The little ones delighted everyone with their sweet, simple song. In the absence from the city of His Grace the Archbishop, Vicar General McCann presided. There were also present: His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Fathers Teffy, Murray, Frackon, McEntee, Lamarche, Lafontaine, Wynn and Lawlor, Mr. Hugh Ryan, Hon. T. W. and Mrs. Anglin, Mr. and Mrs. Emsley, Mrs. Rilly, Madame Rochereau de la Sabliere, Mrs. E. E. Sheppard, Mr. and Mrs. F. Anglin, Dr. and Mrs. Cassidy, Dr. McKenna, Mr. and Mrs. Kenny, Mrs. Wm. Ryan, Mrs. Percival Greene, Miss Therese Korman and others. At the conclusion Rev. Father McCann congratulated the sisters and pupils and remarked upon "the elegance combined with simplicity which characterizes the teaching of St. Joseph's Academy."

Gilmore's Band drew smart audiences both at matinee and evening performances at Massey Hall on Monday and Tuesday. A good many society people sought the altitude of the top gallery, where a raised scale of prices was tried, and found "paradise," though hard to climb to, very pleasant as a change. There were encore bands in great numbers who managed to spin the programme to exactly twice its length. Never was conductor more blandly acquiescent than Victor Herbert, who for his kindness had the reward of being compelled to wait for some moments while sundry early birds clattered out of the hall before he could begin his cello solo. This practice of noisily making exit during the last numbers of a programme is one of the idiosyncrasies which should be discouraged and in some way put an end to by fair means or otherwise. To persistently encore a programme until one's bed or supper hour looms nigh, and then noisily take one's departure, with squeaking of boots and creaking of doors, while an artist sits patiently waiting to commence a solo, which may be the gem of the evening, is a rudeness and inconsiderateness of which none but the most selfish will be guilty. On Tuesday evening the audience included many well known musicians and several social leaders. The house was smart but not brilliant, very few ladies essaying a finer toilette than the many shaded silk blouses which are the craze at present; worn with any dark skirt they are both becoming and convenient. A few I noticed were: Commander and Mrs. Boswell Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Hebben, Mr. and Mrs. McLan, Miss Connie Jarvis, Miss Hugel, Mr. A. and Miss Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Vankoughnet, Mrs. S. G. Beatty, Mrs. James Crowther, Mrs. E. Wood, Rev. Arthur Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. Alley, Mr. Herbert Mason, Mrs. and Miss Brock, Mr. and Mrs. Ross Robertson and Hon. Lyman Jones. A smart party were in the lower right stage box, including Dr. and Miss Capon, Miss Macfarlane and others.

Although somewhat late in the season for dancing, the Sudbury Bachelors held a very successful At Home in Warren's Hall on Wednesday evening, April 24. There were about one hundred guests present from Toronto, Pembroke, Renfrew, Mattawa, North Bay and Massey. A Toronto orchestra furnished the music for those who wished to dance, while cards and other games were indulged in by the others. The patronesses were: Mrs. Cochrane, Mrs. Holloway, Mrs. Purvis, Mrs. Chapin, Mrs. Bigwood, Mrs. Howey, Mrs. Martin and Mrs. O'Connor. The following are among those who were present: Mayor Bigger, ex-Mayor and Mrs. O'Connor, Mr. and Mrs. Holloway, Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers, Mr. and Mrs. D. L. McKinnon, Mr. and Mrs. R. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. S. Frawley, Mr. J. and Mrs. Frawley, Mrs. J. and Mrs. Purvis, Dr. and Mrs. Howey, Mr. and Mrs. M. McCormick, Miss N. McCormick, Mr. and Miss Ricard, Mr. and Mrs. Cressay, Mrs. R. H. Arthur, Mrs. Chapin and Miss McMillan of Toronto, Mr. W. J. C. and Mrs. H. de M. Harvey, the Misses McNaughton, the Misses Thomson, Misses Thorne, Bourke, Brooks, Baird, Lockery, Rajotte, Parker, McNell, McCracken, the Misses M. and L. Potter, Messrs. Cochlane, Lennon, McIntyre, Mickle of Toronto, Smith, Reid, Rorke, Leask, L. O'Connor, McMahon, T. Fauriol, Davis and many others. From a distance there were: Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Hurdman, Gol. Rankin, Mr. G. A. Rankin of Mattawa; Miss O'Connor and



Black Silks

25 % Below Actual Value

THINK of buying 25 in. Black Satin Duchess for 75c; 20 pieces just opened out, imported to sell for \$1. Our buyers have made it possible to offer you these goods much below regular prices. Our prices will set you thinking—BUYING if you see the goods.

AT 50c—23 in. Black Taffeta Skirting, worth 85c;
AT 35c—50 pieces Black Surah, all silk, regular 60c grade.
AT 65c—40 pieces Black Peau de Soie, good value at \$1.

AT \$1.35—20 pieces Black Satin Duchess, all silk, actual value 25.
AT \$1.00—28 in. Black Duchess, \$1 75 quality.
AT 85c—25 pieces French Gros Grain, guaranteed, worth \$1 25.

22 in. Black Courtless Dress Silk, reliable 85c, \$1 20 and \$1 25.

Out-of-Town Patrons Can Rely on Our Mail System

During
Re-building84, 86, 88, 90 Yonge Street
TORONTO

R. SIMPSON



Cosmo Buttermilk Soap Co.

CHICAGO

F. W. Hudson & Co. - - TORONTO
CANADIAN AGENTS

Miss Mulligan of Pembroke; Miss Smith of Renfrew; Mr. and Mrs. John Ferguson, Miss Ferguson, the Misses Doran, Miss Cormack, Messrs. McNamara, Meagher, T. and P. Bourke of North Bay; Mr. and Mrs. C. A. McCool of Geneva Lake; Mr. P. J. Finlan of Biscotasing; Mr. Schreiber of Chelmsford; Messrs. Shuler and Oliver of Copper Cliff.

J. F. Raffaelli, the celebrated French Impressionistic painter, after being lionized in New York and Chicago and completing a course of lectures in the latter city, comes this



Raffaelli.

week to Canada. He will visit Montreal, but whether he will grace Toronto with his presence I am not at time of writing prepared to say, my Chicago correspondent not having referred to the matter. Had he been coming here I should probably have been informed. Raffaelli has been feasted in Chicago for the past fortnight and has given impressionistic art a great impetus in that city.

The lady managers of Grace Hospital tender their most cordial thanks to their many friends who contributed towards the Easter luncheon, their generosity being the means of making it the success which it proved to be, and enabling the managers to add materially to the efficiency of the hospital.

The French Club meets this evening at the home of Miss Hughes, 434 Jarvis street.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Radley are guests at The Queen's.

Miss Bertie Armstrong of Fenning street has returned home after a pleasant visit in the country.

Mr. John Armstrong of Fenning street left last week for New York, where he will spend the summer.

Dr. C. J. Taylor of 30 Spadina avenue has returned from London, Eng., where he has been for the last two years, passing a post-graduate course in his profession.

The new Masonic Lodge-room in Galt was dedicated on the evening of Friday, April 26,

by the M.W. the Grand Master, Mr. W. R. White, Q.C., of Pembroke, assisted by the Deputy Grand Master, R.W. Bro. William Gibson, M.P. of Beamsville. A committee composed of members of both Alma and Galt lodges had been appointed to manage all matters in connection with the dedication. The gentlemen composing this committee were: R.W. Bro. A. Taylor, chairman; Bros. Powell and Mitchell, R.W. Bro. Charles Turnbull, Bro.



"They are the people

from whom I bought the gas fixtures for our new house. They have the best selection for new and pretty Gasaliers and Hall Lights we found anywhere—and we went pretty near all over. We found their prices very low, too. Why, on some of the fixtures we bought, it didn't seem as though they charged us more than half what the others wanted. We liked the way they put them up, too."

Spring Vegetables

Cucumbers, Asparagus, Spinach, Hot-house Tomatoes, Head Lettuce, Cress, Mint, Radishes, Rhubarb, etc., best and cheapest in city. Florida, California and Messina Oranges, Bananas, Strawberries, etc. Choice spring Salmon, Halibut, Cod, Haddock—all by express.

SIMPSON'S

756 and 758 Yonge St.
Telephones 3445 and 4239

New Mourning

Dress
Fabrics

WOOL Crepons, Cheviots, Estamene Serges, Llamas, Veilings, Amazons, Henriettas, Batistes, Armures, Strasbourgs, Cashmeres and Clarettes.
SILK Bengaline, Duchess Satins, Surahs, Foulards, Grenadines, Gauzes, Taffetas, Glaces, Velvets.

COTTON Printed Cambrics, Gingham, Muslins, Zephyrs, &c.

WRITE FOR SAMPLES AND PRICES.

JOHN CATTO & SON KING STREET
Opp. the Post Office

LAZENBY'S

Jelly is the Queen of Table Jellies, and their Pickles, Sauces, &c., are unsurpassed for quality.

To be had of the Leading Retail Grocers

Misses E. & H. JOHNSTON

122 King St. West

Spring Millinery and Costumes

... OPEN FOR INSPECTION ...

On and After Wednesday, 27th Inst.

H. Spencer Howell, and Bro. A. Bisset Thom, secretary. That the members worked indefatigably and unitedly was evidenced by the success and smoothness with which everything connected with the dedicatory ceremony and its accompanying festivities went off.

Wilton Lodge, I. O. O. F., held their anniversary social entertainment at Central Hall, corner Yonge and Carlton streets, on Wednesday evening of last week. After a short musical programme progressive euchre and dancing were indulged in, refreshments being served between eleven and twelve. That all thoroughly enjoyed themselves goes without saying.

Mrs. Denroche, wife of Captain Wilfred S. Denroche, recently attached to the Imperial troops, 8th Kings, now at Halifax, N. S., left this week to join her husband. They purpose visiting Toronto this summer. Capt. Denroche was at one time a private in the Queen's Own Rifles here.

Miss May Beacock of Brockville is the guest of the Misses Beswetherick of 270 Seaton street. Dr. Beacock was in town last week.

Mrs. G. A. White and Mrs. A. Whittier left on Friday for their home in Trenton after a pleasant visit with Mrs. R. S. Williams of Oak Lawn, Wellesley crescent.

Before the Wedding



It is necessary to have a supply of suitable stationery for use in writing and answering notes. Our "Royal Vellum" is most desirable, and in the new shapes (Gladstone and Victor) is the most tasteful of recent note papers—more elegant still if embossed with crest or monogram.

Wedding Invitations a Specialty
WM. TYRRELL & CO.
Successors to Retail Department of Hart & Riddell
FINE STATIONERS AND BOOKSELLERS
11 KING STREET WEST - TORONTO

Heraldry

"All the devices blazoned on the shield,
In their own tinct."

—Idylls of the King.

The Use of Arms

Is to distinguish persons and property, and to record descent and alliance. Hundreds of persons may be entitled to the same name, but only the members of a particular family can lawfully bear certain arms, and each branch of that family must use certain differences to distinguish one from the other.

Family Crests, Coats-of-Arms, Monograms and Address Dies, &c., promptly furnished and note paper Embossed. Workmanship guaranteed.

At...
BAIN'S
Art Stationers
53 King Street East, Toronto

MISS M. A. ARMSTRONG
41 King Street West

The Very Latest and Most Fashionable

Millinery Novelties and Veilings

NOW ON VIEW

Qebek



The body of the Qebek Corset is made of a single thickness of Conill of superior quality, is soft and light, elegant and graceful in shape, and very serviceable. This corset is lined with our improved Clock Spring. Ribbon Straps, jupanned and tipped, rendering them impervious to moisture, and prevent cutting through the fabric.

LONG WAIST CORALINE CORSET

This beautifully modified Corset is designed to meet the requirements of the latest Parisian designs, adds grace and contour to the figure, and enriches the appearance of the dress worn, is filled with our best pressed and tempered patent Coraline Cord, which, as a filling, is the most popular and satisfactory in use.

FRENCH MODEL CORALINE CORSET

The French Model has the same length of waist as the Long Waist Corset, and differs from it only by being shorter below the hips and at the front, which will commend it to those who wish a shorter Corset with Long Waist. They can always be recognized, as they have our name with Coraline and date of patent stamped on the inside of the Corset.

The CROMPTON CORSET CO.
TORONTO

Manicure Parlors

Telephone 2498

FOR Ladies, Children & Gentlemen

POPULAR PRICES

50c. each or 35c. per ticket.

Face Steaming and Face Massage Treatment

For preserving and improving the complexion. Our facial treatment is perfectly natural; no artificial means are employed.

Telephone 2498.

Armand's Hair and Perfumery Store

411 YONGE, COR. CARLTON ST.

Fashionable Fringes and Bangs, light in weight. Best of natural curls, never requiring the iron to curl. Great convenience for the ladies during the summer season. Special styles of hair goods made to order. For fine, all-long-hair switches, we have the largest and best assorted stock at popular prices. Real Tortoiseshell Pins and Combs, also real Jet, real Amber, real Steel Hair Ornaments.

Ladies and Children's Hair Dressing Parlors.

TELEPHONE 2498

Armand's Hair and Perfumery Store

411 YONGE, COR. CARLTON ST.

TORONTO, Canada.

Pember's Great Sale of Hair Goods



In order to make room for building, we are offering our large stock of Hair Goods and Fancy Articles at greatly reduced prices. Call early and examine our fine stock of Hair Goods, Hair Ornaments, Brushes, Combs, Mirrors, Manicure Articles, Hair Dyes, Perfumes, etc., all at less than half price.

Ladies and Children's Hair Dressing Parlors

Pember's Hair and Perfumery Store

Tel. 2275 127 YONGE STREET

MISS B. PATON
(Late of R. Walker & Sons)
The Fashionable Dressmaker
Has just returned from New York after inspecting the latest styles in American, French and English dresses.
5 King St. West (Over Michie & Co.)No. 10 Washington Avenue
Six doors east of Spadina Avenue
MISS M. E. LAKEY
Formerly of Gerard Street East, is now conducting her Dressmaking establishment at above address. Evening dresses and trousseaux a specialty.

The Professor's Experiment.

BY MRS. HUNGERFORD

Author of *Molly Bawn*, *Lady Brankmere*, *The Duchess*, *A Born Couquette*, *The Red House Mystery*, &c.

COPYRIGHTED, 1895, BY MRS. HUNGERFORD.

CHAPTER XV.

"The web of our life is of a mingled yarn,
Good and ill together."

The rooms are crowded to excess, and it is with difficulty that Crosby and Wyndham make their way to the place where someone has told them their hostess is to be found. They have arrived very late, in spite of Crosby's attempt at haste, so late indeed that already some of the guests are leaving, a fact that had somewhat embarrassed their journey on the stairs. The heat is intense and the perfume of the many roses makes the air heavy.

Quite at the end of the music-room Wyndham sees his aunt, and presently she, seeing him and Crosby in the doorway, makes them a faint salutation. The Hon. Mrs. Prior is a tall woman with a high aristocratic nose, fair hair and blue eyes—now a little pale. She was the handsomest of the three daughters of Sir John Burke, and, what is not always the case, had made the best marriage. Her youngest sister, Kate, had, however, done very well too when she married James Wyndham, but the eldest sister had made a distinct fiasco of her life. She had run away with a no-er-do-weel, a certain Robert Haines, who came from no one knew where and went no one knew where either, taking Sir John's favorite daughter with him. It was hushed up at the time, but the old man had caused ceaseless secret enquiries to be made for the missing daughter, always, however, without result. It was for a time a blot upon the family history, but it was forgotten after a while, and Mrs. Prior and her daughter have for some time taken leading parts in Dublin society.

A tall, thin woman is singing very beautifully as the two young men enter, and Mrs. Prior's slight movement of recognition to her nephew conveys with it a desire that he should not seek her until the song has come to an end. And presently the last quivering note dies away upon the air, and the crowd is once more in motion. Lady H— is being congratulated on the beauties of her voice by many people, and Mrs. Prior having done her part is now able to receive her nephew and Crosby without having to pause and wonder whom she is to speak to next.

Indeed, Lady H—'s singing has virtually wound up the evening. Few would care to sing after her, and now the rooms are beginning to look deserted.

"Always a laggard, Paul," says his aunt, who, having bidden good-bye to her principal guests, has left the rest to her daughter. "But I suppose something of it must be put down to tonight." She smiles at Crosby, whom she has known since he was a little boy. "You should have been here earlier, you two; she sang even better in the beginning of the evening. It was Allan Water, and you know how that would suit her voice. But now that you have come so late you must stay a little later and have supper with Josephine and me."

She talks on to them in her cultivated yet somewhat hard voice, rising now and then to say good-bye to someone, until the rooms are quite cleared and her daughter is able to join them.

Josephine Prior comes across the polished floor of the music-room to where they are sitting in a curtained recess; she is as tall as her mother, and as fair, and a little harder. Miss Prior was undoubtedly the handsomest girl in Dublin this season (now all but over) and has been for the past two or three. Tall, distinguished, and with irreproachable manners, there are very few who can outdo her. She sweeps up to them now, her pretty silken skirts falling gracefully around her, and her mother, rising, motions her into her own seat—that next to Wyndham's, while she sinks into a chair on Crosby's left.

It has been a settled thing with Mrs. Prior for years that Josephine, her only child, should marry Paul Wyndham, who, though only a barrister, is still a very rising one and heir to his grand-uncle, Lord Shangarry. To know Josephine a countess! There lay all the hope, all the ambition of Mrs. Prior's life. And the fact that old Lord Shangarry shared her hopes about this matter, naturally led to the idea that in time it must be accomplished. If Paul were to offend his uncle, then—well, then—the title would be his indeed, but the enormous income now attached to it, not being entailed, could be left as Lord Shangarry wished. Few people fly in the face of Providence where thousands a year are concerned, and Mrs. Prior depended upon Wyndham's common sense to secure him as a husband for her daughter. As for Wyndham, though up to this not a syllable has passed between him and Josephine to bind him to her in any way, he has of late brought himself to believe that a marriage with her, considering the stakes, is not out of the question. She is a handsome girl, too, and as a countess would look the part.

Now, as she seats herself beside him, he again acknowledges the beauty of her chiselled nose and chin. But—yes, there is a but—All at once it occurs to him that beauty is very seldom to be found in perfect features. The really artistic face has always one feature quite beyond the bounds of art! Strange that it had not occurred to him before! Still, Josephine is undoubtedly handsome.

Josephine's voice is like her mother's, clear and very hard. She is talking now.

"Do you know we were down in your part of the world the other day," says she. "We were lunching with dear Lady Millbank, and then went on to your cottage. We wanted to get some flowers. You know how mean Lady Millbank is about her roses, so we decided on saying nothing to her, and trusting to your place. But when we got there, with an elephantine attempt at playfulness, 'the cupboard was bare, at all events to us, because we could not get in.'"

"Yes, so odd!" says Mrs. Prior. "We rang and rang, and rang, but no one came for quite a long time. At last your housekeeper appeared, a most disagreeable person, my dear Paul. She was indeed almost rude, and said she had your orders to admit nobody!"

She looks back at Wyndham, who looks back at her with an immovable countenance.

"Not my orders certainly," says he calmly. "I was abroad until the other day, you know, so I can hardly be responsible for Mrs. Moriarty's marvellous."

His voice is perfectly even, though a perfect storm of rage against Mrs. Denis is rendering him furious. Confound the woman! what does she mean by seeking to create a scandal out of a mere nothing—a mountain out of a mole-hill! Crosby, glancing at him steadily for a moment, turns his eyes away again and breaks into the discussion.

"I am sorry you did not go up to my place," says he, addressing Mrs. Prior. "It is quite a terrible thing to contemplate—your having been in want of flowers."

"Ah! But you weren't there," says Josephine, with a wild attempt at coquetry. "If you had been, we might have made a raid on you."

"Well, I'm at home now," says Crosby cheerfully. "You must come down some day soon and help me to gather my roses."

"You mean to stay, then," says Josephine, leaning a little towards him across her mother. She is quite bent on marrying her cousin, though she is as indifferent to him as he is to her, but in the meantime she is not above a slight flirtation with Crosby. To tell the truth, this big, good-humored, handsome man appeals to her far more than Paul has ever done.

"Until the autumn at all events," says he.

As for Wyndham, he is still sitting mute, apparently listening to his aunt's diatribes about society, and Dublin society in particular, but in reality raging over Mrs. Denis's shortcomings and the deplorable Irish sympathetic nature that has led her to sacrifice everything—even the excellent situation she has at the Cottage—to a mere passing fancy for a girl whom she has known at the longest for four or five weeks.

Crosby, noting his abstraction, is still rattling along.

"Now, it's a promise, Mrs. Prior, isn't it? You—here he glances deliberately at Josephine—"you will come and look around my place soon, won't you? I'm thinking of making up a little house party in September or August, and I hope you and Miss Prior will leave a week open for me." He throws a look over his shoulder. "You too, Wyndham?"

"Thank you," says Paul absently.

"What a charming idea," cried Josephine ecstatically. Here she decides upon clapping her hands, and she does it in her perfectly well bred way. The result is deadly. "To stay with a bachelor! Mamma, you will consent?"

Mamma consents. Josephine, again leaning towards Crosby, says something delightful to him. It has seemed to her since Crosby's coming that to have two strings to your bow is a very desirable thing. Paul is well enough, and in the end, of course, she will marry him, though at times she has thought that he—but of course that is nonsense. He would be afraid to marry anyone else—afraid of his uncle! What a pity he is not Mr. Crosby, or Mr. Crosby, Paul! Well, one can't have everything one's own way, after all, and there is the title! Lady Shangarry—Mrs. Crosby!—Yes, the title counts! But really Paul is so very dull, and Mr. Crosby, though he has no title, so infinitely better off than Paul will ever be; and the Crosby's is an old family, dating back to—goodness knows where!—Still a title!

Finally she gets back to the title and stays there.

"But, yes, really, dear Paul," Mrs. Prior is saying, "I think that housekeeper of yours, or caretaker, or whatever she is, takes too much upon her. I tried to explain to her I was your aunt, and indeed she has seen me several times, but I could not shake her determination to let no one in. Anyone might be excused for imagining that she was concealing something."

"Garden party for her own friends, no doubt," says Crosby. He has cast a half-amused, half-enquiring glance at Wyndham, but the latter's face is impassive.

"I think it a little serious," says Mrs. Prior. "Young men, as a rule, are always imposed upon by women of her class; caretakers, of course, I mean, with a careful glance at the innocent Josephine. Landladies and that. Do you think, dear Paul, that she is quite honest?"

"Quite, I think."

"Then why this extraordinary step on her part, this locking out your very nearest and dearest? No—no, George," to Crosby, "you really must not jest on this subject. I feel it is quite important where Paul is concerned. You really know of no reason, Paul, why she should have forbidden us an entrance?"

Is there meaning in the question? Wyndham looks at her steadily before replying.

"I was in France at the time," says he carelessly. "If she had a motive, how could I know it?"

Crosby leans back and crosses his arms negligently. "What an idiotic equivocation," thinks he.

"You certainly ought to speak to her about it."

"Of course I shall speak to her," Crosby smiles.

"I really think you ought," says Mrs. Prior, "You can," severely, "mention me if you wish. I consider she behaved extremely badly. And I quite tremble for the dear little old place. You know it was an uncle of ours—a grand-uncle of yours—who left the place to your mother, and as girls we—that is, your aunts and I—used to be very fond of running up from your grandfather's place in Kerry to spend a few weeks in it. We were all girls then—your mother and I, and your—"

She stops, and sneezes most opportunely behind her lace handkerchief. The innocent Josephine had touched her foot under cover of her gown. Of course the aunt who had disappeared so unpleasantly had better not be mentioned.

"I hope, Paul, you will see that this woman keeps the dear old place in order," says Mrs. Prior rather hastily.

"To confess a dreadful truth," says Wyndham, smiling somewhat bricly, "I have almost

made up my mind to let the cottage. It has been rather a burden to me of late. And—"

"To let it! But why?"

"Well, as you see yourself," says Wyndham desperately, "Mrs. Moriarty does not seem capable of looking after it. It is an awful bore, you know, and," with a rush of affection hitherto unborn, "the idea of her having kept you out of the place seems to put an end to my trust in her for ever."

Crosby flecks a little point of dust off his coat sleeve. "Oh, the handsome liar," thinks he.

"But, my dear boy, you must not be too precipitate. A word to her would perhaps—"

"I've quite made up my mind," says Wyndham steadfastly. "I shall look out for a tenant."

"Dear Paul!" says Mrs. Prior, touched by this nephew-like act. "I, of course, appreciate your sweetness in this matter. It is very dear of you to be so angry about the woman's incivility to me, and if you have made up your mind about getting a tenant for the dear old cottage, I think I can help you."

Here Crosby leans forward. It is proving very interesting.

"You mustn't take any trouble," says Wyndham. "I couldn't allow you."

"It will be no trouble—for you," says Josephine, breaking into the conversation very affectionately.

"Thanks awfully, but I think I've got a desirable tenant in my eye," says Wyndham. "One suitable in every respect."

"The real thing is to know if he is solvent," says Mrs. Prior.

"Oh, I think so—I think so," says Wyndham thoughtfully.

"Is he young or old?" asks Josephine, who feels she ought to show some interest in his affairs. Wyndham remains wrapped up in thought for a moment, then apparently wakes up. "Oh, the tenant," says he dreamily. "Not old, no, not old!"

"At that rate you must introduce us to him," says Mrs. Prior with quite surprising archness.

"Solvent and not old! Quite a desirable acquaintance! What is his name, Paul?"

"I don't know," says Wyndham.

"Not know! But, my dear Paul!"

"I positively don't," says Wyndham, in quite a loud voice. It occurs to Crosby that now, at last, he is telling the truth and that he is wildly glad at being able to do so. But the truth! Where does it come in! Crosby grows curious. "Strange as it may sound, the name is unknown to me. And for the matter of that, nothing is settled. There have been only preliminaries. There must always be preliminaries you know," talking bricly to his aunt.

"Well, be careful," says Mrs. Prior. "And whatever you do, Paul, don't take a lady tenant. They are so difficult! Now, promise me, Paul, you won't take a lady as a tenant."

Provisionally at this moment the very late supper is announced, and Paul, rising, gives his arm to Josephine, after which the conversation drifts into other channels.

CHAPTER XVI.

"This is the short and long of it."

The moon is streaming brilliantly over the silent streets as the two men leaving Fitzwilliam Square turn presently into Stephen's Green and then down Dawson street. Crosby's footsteps are bound for the Gresham Hotel, and Wyndham, who should have gone the other way, considering his rooms are in Elgin road, walks with him silently and so mechanically that it becomes at once plain to Crosby that he has lost himself a little in a world of troubling thought.

Determining to let him find his way out of his mind's labyrinth by himself, Crosby maintains a discreet silence, refraining even from good words and the whistle that has come to be part of him during his strange wanderings by sea and land, and is difficult to discard when in the midst of civilization.

It is not until they have reached the railings that run around Trinity College, where the glorious light of the moon is lighting up the old and splendid pile, that Wyndham speaks.

"I've had the deuce of a time," says he.

"Well, I could see that," says Crosby, turning his cigar in his fingers. "I'm rather disappointed in you, do you know, Paul. How you are to make a fortune out of your profession is to me a mystery. Throw it up. You are certainly not a liar born."

"I'm in a tight place," says Wyndham disgustedly, "but I daresay I'll get out of it well," reluctantly. "Good night."

"Not a bit of it," says Crosby, tucking his arm into his. "Come and have a pipe with me, and—if you can bring yourself to it—give

AYER'S Hair Vigor

Restores natural color to the hair, and also prevents it falling out. Mrs. H. W. Fenwick, of Digby, N. S., says: "A little more than two years ago my hair began to turn gray and fall out. After the use of one bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor my hair was restored to its original color and ceased falling out. An occasional application has since kept the hair in good condition."—Mrs. H. F. FENWICK, Digby, N. S.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for three years, and it has restored hair, which was fast becoming gray, back to its natural color."—H. W. HASELHOFF, Paterson, N. J.

AYER'S Hair Vigor

PREPARED BY DR. J. C. AYER & CO., LOWELL, MASS., U.S.A.

Ayer's Pills cure Sick Headache.

The secret of its success is its matchless quality

"Salada"

CEYLON TEA

Sold in Lead Packets only. . . . All Grocers.



voice to this worry of yours and get it off your mind."

A pipe is a great help; soothed by it and the influence of the society of his old chum, Wyndham, seated comfortably in a huge armchair in Crosby's room, tells the latter the whole of his remarkable acquaintance with his unknown guest at the Cottage.

It is, to confess the truth, a rather lame story, very vaguely told; and at the close of it Wyndham looks at his friend, at least at as much of him as he can see, Crosby being now enclosed in smoke. He had been smoking very vigorously indeed all through the recital, and there had been moments when he had seemed to be choking, but whether altogether from the smoke Wyndham felt uncertain.

"Well, that's the story," says he at last, flinging himself back in his chair.

There is a short silence.

"Then I suppose you could not think of a better one?" says Crosby, beginning to choke again.

"Oh, I knew how you'd take it, how any fellow would take it," says Wyndham wrathfully. "I can see that there isn't a soul in the world who would believe such an idiotic story as mine. But there it is, and you can take it or leave it as you like. But for all that, Crosby, you ought to know me well enough to understand that I should not trouble myself to lie to you unless there was occasion for it."

At this Crosby gives way to a roar.

"Well, I honestly believe there's no occasion now," says he; "and for the rest, dear old chap, of course I believe every word you have said. You must be thoroughly hipped or you'd have seen how I was enjoying the joke. Come, it seems we have both had adventures in Arcadia, and that we have both come in rather sorry fashion out of them."

"Oh, you—you can afford to speak of adventures," says Wyndham ruefully. "You're accustomed to them—but I—I confess this last and first has been enough for me. You who have faced lions—"

"Not so many, after all, interrupts Crosby, laughing. "Don't magnify them like that. I've shot a few, I confess, but I only seem to remember seven. One does remember them when one's face to face with them. But there is not such a lot to remember after all."

"It would serve, so far as I am concerned," says Wyndham frankly. "Indeed, I think I could do with one—always supposing he was dead. As for how I feel now, it is as though I were in a den of them, and I doubt if I'll come as well out of it as Daniel did."

Crosby regards him with an amused eye.

"Appropos your tenant," says he, "when are you going to introduce your aunt to your young man?"

"Oh, get out," says Wyndham.

"That's a lion if you like," says Crosby.

"Which? My aunt or my tenant?"

"I haven't seen the tenant. Still, it strikes me that she will be a lion too. I'd get out of that den if I were you."

"Well, I want to. But what's one to do? I can't get rid of either of my lions."

"Not even of the tenant?"

"I don't see how I can, now that I have given my promise."

"Well! Introduce them to each other; that's a capital suggestion if you will only look into it. Whilst they claw each other, you may be able to make your escape."

"Introduce them!" Wyndham pauses, as if sounding the proposition, then gives way to wrath. "Hang it," says he, "you are worse than Job's three comforters all rolled into one!"

(To be Continued.)

Cured of Asthma.

How a Young Lady in Toronto Was Restored to Health.

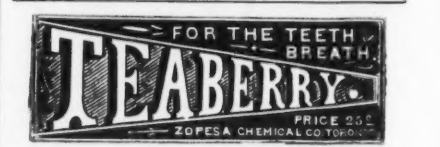
She Suffered for Years from this Distressing Complaint and on Occasions was Confined to her Room for Weeks.—Her Father tells how She was Cured.

From the Brockville Recorder.

Mr. Reuben Barber, architect of the City of Toronto, at one time a resident of Merrickville, has been visiting old friends and relatives in and around the village recently. While chatting with the *Recorder* correspondent, the recent wonderful cures in the vicinity through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills came up when Mr. Barber said he had an experience in his own family quite as remarkable. Asked if he would give the particulars, Mr. Barber said that some seven years ago while living in Mount Forest, his daughter took a severe cold which developed into asthma. At first she would be confined to her room for days and to

see her struggling for breath one would think she could not possibly live an hour. As she grew older the asthmatic spasms became more frequent and of longer duration. Sometimes she would be unable to leave her room for weeks, and then she would rally and be better for a short time. After we moved to Toronto she was put under the care of one of the best doctors in the city. At first his treatment seemed to help her, but after a few months she became as bad as ever and the medicine did not appear to do her the slightest good. We had now fully made up our minds that the trouble was incurable. We had read so much of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, that we determined to give them a trial, really looking upon them as a sort of forlorn hope. My daughter began taking the pills and continued the treatment for about six months, when she found herself entirely free from the distressing disease. Seven months have now passed since she took the last box, and she has never had the slightest spasm or return of the trouble. "She is now the picture of health," says Mr. Barber, "and we give the entire credit to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and lose no opportunity of sounding the praises of this great medicine." These pills are a positive cure for all troubles arising from a vitiated condition of the blood or a shattered nervous system. Sold by all dealers or by mail, from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y., at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. There are numerous imitations and substitutions against which the public is cautioned.

"What's the matter, old fellow? You look dejected." "Well, I've put my foot in it. I gave my wife's wealthy old maid aunt a set of books called the *Age of Anne*." "What of that? Wasn't she pleased?" "I forgot her name was Anne."



THE FAMOUS OLD PORT WINE



QUALITY UNSURPASSED

For sale by Mohle & Co., J. O. Moor, Lookhart & Co. G. W. Cooley, T. H. George and F. Giller. Wholesale—Adams & Burns, Elchorn & Carpenter and J. W. Lang & Co.

H. CORBY, Agent for Canada

DR. CARSON'S COUGH DROPS

Mr. J. Trew Gray, 287 Church street, highly recommends Dr. Carson's Cough Drops to singers and public speakers as a magnificent preparation for the throat and voice. 50 cents a bottle, all druggists.

WALTER BAKER & CO.

The Largest Manufacturers of PURE, HIGH GRADE COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES

On this Continent, have received HIGHEST AWARDS from the great

Industrial and Food EXPOSITIONS

In Europe and America.

Unlike the Dutch Process, no Alkalies or other Chemicals or Dyes are used in any of their preparations.

Their delicious BREAKFAST COCOA is absolutely pure and soluble, and costs less than one cent a cup.

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE.

WALTER BAKER & CO., DORCHESTER, MASS.

"CREAM-CORN"

(REGISTERED) IMPROVES FLOUR

Makes the most delicious HOT BISCUITS

NO OTHER LEAVEN REQUIRED.

Sold by all Grocers. 25c. per large tin.

W. C. DUNN & CO., LONDON AND CANADA.

Davidson & Hay, Agents, Toronto.

Books and Authors.

IN these days when we are talking so much about Canadian literature—and producing so little of it—I am reminded that Canada has produced one man whose name signifies something and whose works are qualified for a place in any library. Justice Halliburton of Nova Scotia is the man and his books treat of the sayings and doings of Sam Slick of Slickville, the wandering clockmaker. In order to find out, if possible, whether these splendid books are being read to-day by our young readers and whether they have been read by our older readers, I hereby and hereon invite postal cards on the subject. Those who have read any of Halliburton's books will, I am sure be extremely glad of a chance to testify in behalf of one who to this day stands alone, a solitary and splendid figure, in epigram, satire and humor. Those who have found his books delightful should seize upon this chance to make him better known. Tell us what you think of him, whether you have found many who have read him, and suggest a plan, if you have one, for making him as well known in Canada as he should be. If you have not read his books let me tell you that you have a pleasure ahead of you. One of his books can give robust health to an invalid—unless the case is unusually complicated.

Somehow it seems to me that Mr. George Meredith is, in a measure, a victim of those sinister influences referred to by Mr. William Wilfred Campbell in his scathing contribution to this paper two weeks ago. With humility I own to the fact that until last week I had never read one of Meredith's novels. As a rule his books come out with none of the clamor that marks the issue of the great novels. Here and there a critic, like Droch, in *Life*, takes up the cudgels and declares Meredith to be the master among living novelists. Someone in England expresses similar views, and again a critic on some daily newspaper in Chicago or St. Louis picks up a volume of Meredith by accident, and after reading it rushes into print and hotly, indignantly, fights the silence which he cannot understand. Why is the world so silent as to Meredith? Why are his books not boomed? I have just read his Harry Richmond, published by Geo. Bell & Sons, London, and Copp, Clark & Co. (Ltd.), Toronto, and state without reservation that I regard him as one of the greatest of novelists. The author of this one volume could not produce a poor one, so I endorse all his books and shall read them all, if spared. He belongs to the legitimate school of novelists and apparently has no part with the impressionistic writers who are giving us high-art novels to rapidly to-day. Hereafter this will be known as the period when English literature fell ill; when several successive seasons of a gripe rendered invalid the public taste, so that naught but acids and alkalis could titivate the palate. When health returns, George Meredith will be found to have stood to the higher ideals all through and he will be recognized as master.

There is gratification for Christian people in the announcement that Prof. Romanes, who in 1878 published a book entitled *A Candid Examination of Theism*, left an unpublished book in the hands of his friend, Canon Gore of Westminster, in which he recedes from agnosticism. The book has just been published in London.

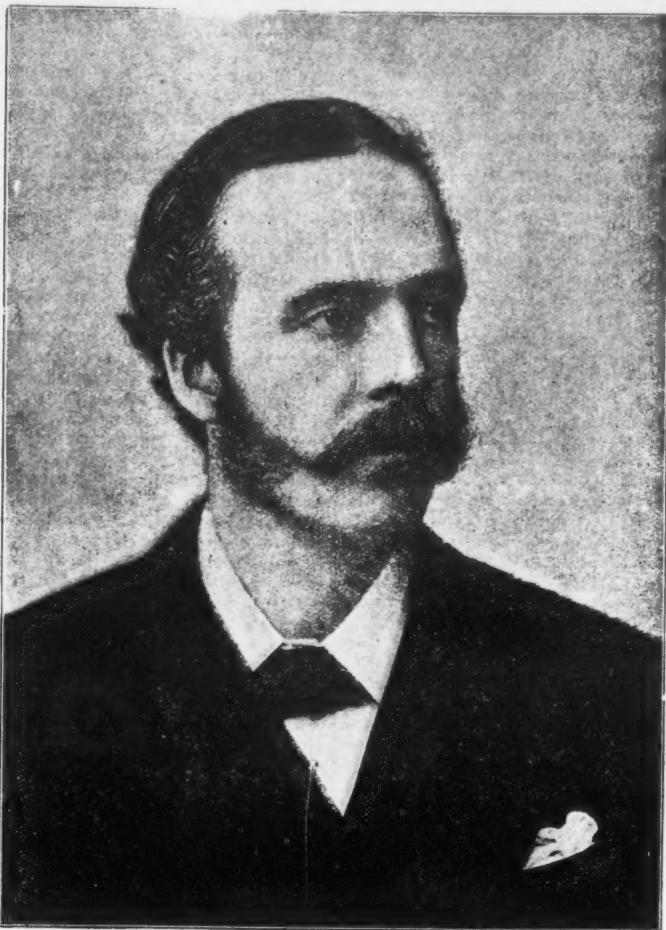
Mr. Zangwell, whose portrait I gave last week, was recently the guest of the New Vagabonds' Club in London and made a witty speech. His latest story is *The Master*, which appeared serially in *Harper's Weekly*. In writing this he said he required to realize the climate of Nova Scotia, so had his room fitted out with large chunks of ice to produce cold. Fires were started one day by mistake and the ice melted, making a flood. His brother came in and caught the idea for his Drama in Dutch. Mr. Zangwell said the subject of his story *The Master* was Art, and he chose Art because he, being a Jew, knew nothing of Art. Jews, he said, know nothing about Art because the Second Commandment forbids them to make any likeness of anything that is in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath or in the waters under the earth. This, he said, is also the reason why the New English Art School was founded and explains its methods.

Furness, who threw up a good thing on *Punch* to start *Lika Joko*, has found it a failure and his paper has ceased. He has joined hands with others in an attempt to start the *New Budget*, designed to take the place of the *Pall Mall Budget*, insanely strangled by Mr. Astor.

Many readers would like to know why Conan Doyle and others write stories in the crude form of diaries or letters to friends. The method certainly strikes one as crude and unattractive. It is no doubt easy upon the author to produce in this simple form. He escapes the worry and labor of shaping his story along artistic lines, and only needs to splash it down upon paper with epistolary freedom. But if it is easy of production, it is also the weakest quality of fiction. Doyle's *Cullingworth Letters*, just closing in *The Idler*, are not comparable with his *Adventures of Brigadier Givard in The Strand*.

Andrew Lang recently took a fling at the Canadian book market by saying that no one would expect Canadians to read English books though our pressmen should print them. In this connection I may point out that seven thousand copies of J. Castelli Hopkins' *Life of Sir John Thompson* have already been sold, and a third edition must soon be put on the press. When it is considered that the book has only been on the market a short time, the significance of this statement cannot be missed. Mr. Hopkins is, I believe, at present engaged writing a life of a great English statesman in whose career Canadians are deeply interested. This new work, it is expected, will be completed in the autumn.

A young Englishman visiting Corea was induced to paint the portrait of the commander-in-chief of the Korean land forces, Prince Min Xomy Huan. Eleven o'clock in the morning



The Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P.
From photo by Russell & Sons, London.

was the hour fixed upon for the sitting; at six-thirty the prince, having been unable to sleep for excitement, arrived at the place of appointment, and the artist was forced to hop out of bed and begin work. "As I posed him," says the artist, "he did not utter a word nor wink an eye. And during the whole of a sitting of nearly three hours he sat motionless and speechless like a statue. 'It is finished,' I finally said, and he sprang up in a childish fashion and came over to look at the work. His delight was unbounded, and he seized my hand and shook it at intervals for nearly half an hour, after which he suddenly became grave, stared at the canvas, and then looked at the back of it. He seemed horrified. 'What is it?' I enquired. 'You have not put in my jade ornament,' he said, almost in despair. I had painted his portrait full-face, and as the Coreans have the strange notion of wearing their decorations in the shape of a small button of gold, silver, jade or amber behind the left ear, this did not appear thereon. I then tried to remonstrate, saying that it is impossible to show both back and front at once; but as he seemed distressed at what was, to him, a great defect, I compromised the matter by making another large but rapid sketch of him from a side point of view, so as to include the decoration and the rest rather magnified in size. 'You will find no fault with this one,' I remarked with confidence. Alas! My Corean sitter advanced to the portrait, scrutinized it carefully and turned to me aggressively. 'Yes,' he admitted, 'you have painted my decoration well, but where is my other eye?'

Sir Oliver Mowat, in writing his *Evidences of Christianity*, had examples other than Paley (notwithstanding Mr. Edward Farrer's celebrated taunt), for it has come to be an axiom that English statesmen must enter the arena of letters. Burke, Macaulay, Gladstone, Disraeli made their marks in literature, and now the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P., has come to the defence of Christianity. I observe, too, that Lord Salisbury has come to the front

as a magazine writer. Sir Oliver Mowat is, however, almost alone among Canadian statesmen, if we except Mr. J. D. Edgar's frequent lapses into poetry and Mr. Longley's essays on continental unity. Those who have read Hon. A. J. Balfour's defence of Christianity will heartily agree with me in saying that it is one of the important books of the day—deep, studious, logical and reassuring, and it affords me great pleasure to give this week a portrait of this man who promises, in due course, to rival the performances in statesmanship and literature of Gladstone himself.

J. R. WYKE.
Shakespeare's Name.
It has often been a puzzle to students of Shakespeare why his name is spelt in so many different ways. Shakespeare himself is said to have signed his name on different occasions, "Shakespeare" and "Shakespere," and learned disquisitions have been written to prove which is the proper spelling. None, perhaps, were more amusing than the "weather" reason given in 1851 by Albert Smith, who averred that he had found it in the Harleian MSS. It was as follows:

"How dyd Shakespeare spell hye name?
Ye weather mayde ye change, we saye,
So write it as ye please;
When ye sonne shone he mayde hye A,
When welts he took bys Ees."

A Comfort Sometimes.
When health is far gone in consumption, then sometime only ease and comfort can be secured from the use of Scott's Emulsion. What is much better is to take this medicine in time to save your health.

Yeast—I hear Longly, the minister, is learning to play the piano. Crimonsbeak (a neighbor)—"I hope to gracious he doesn't practice what he preaches!"
For sale, at 23 Victoria street, Toronto: Scenes from Every Land, 500 photographs, \$4; also World's Fair, \$3; New York City, \$3; Palestine, \$3; Congress of Religions, \$2.50; Atlas of the World, 75c.



Fair Organist—I'm sorry you've had to leave off blowing for us, Giles.
Giles—Yes, miss, the organ don't sound what it did, do it? Jim be a very good chap, but 'e ain't got no music in 'im! Now we did used to give 'em summat worth 'earin'—didn't we miss? —Lucia Baumer in *St. James' Budget*.

Correspondence Coupon

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

INCORRECTION.—You have probably seen yourself long ere this.
THIRTY EMBROID.—No one can take Tilly's garter off. Why did you unload such a task on us? We have lost sleep and wasted valuable daytime at it. Please tell us how the prize goes!

HYPERIA.—A little more character, conservatism and force, and Marleeny's delineation will fit you. Neither study shows marked originality, though the other is on lighter and more taking lines.

MAMA B.—1. Appreciation is precious, mama dear, and I am glad you think so well of our paper. 2. You have not requested a delineation—did you wish for one? There is a good deal of character in your writing.

A. H. H.—You are rather buoyant and enthusiastic, with, however, a practical rather than sentimental turn. Your lines lack snap and force, being the signs of a character which will be unlikely to leave much impression on its contemporaries. A sweet, generous and honest one, however, fond of beauty, very good-tempered, not very logical, apt to idealize, and extremely truthful.

TERRY.—Paderewski studied under Theodor Leschetzky. He was born in a small town of Poland, 2 Chopin's grave is at Pere la Chaise, Paris. His mother's maiden name was Justina Kiz Snowski. 3. Your writing shows marked individuality and force of character, some self-will, rather prominent self-esteem, a very firm, practical and constant purpose. You are proud, courageous and adaptable; a very high and noble character.

PAINT HEARTED ELAINE.—Certainly your writing isn't attractive; at the same time it might be worse. It is honest and careful, not apt to talk unduly; will be firm, and mental equipment quite above the average. At the same time it badly needs the lighter and more graceful traits. Even with all the sympathy possible in your nature, you lack the tact to convey it when you wish. You are most careful and conscientious and dislike vain display.

LULLABY.—1. There is no such thing as cheapest and best in regard to tuition in music. There are enough students willing and able to secure the best instructions to take up all the time of the best teachers. For cheapness you must go to the ranks of the second class. Make a large note of this. 2. Your very fine and free study shows force and will, tenacity, enterprise, love of comfort, originality, excellent reasoning powers and a broad and liberal mind. You should be worth the very best teaching to be got.

MARIKANY.—You certainly express superlative cheek. You are a social soul, fond of talking, apt to be a success in a crowd, but to fall in a lullaby. Some of your lines are excellent, others execrable. You are somewhat self-assured, a trifle given to moods, able to conform to any surroundings, careful of details but lacking artistic finish. I think you fancy yourself, and would improve by knowing people who are your superiors in intellect and culture, for you have a receptive mind and appreciate opportunity to advance.

JIM CROW, JR.—1. I don't see why you should not make a good husband; don't get too strong-minded a wife, however, unless you are prepared to play second fiddle. 2. You are hopeful, persevering, logical and good-tempered; may be also a trifle slow. You are careless of details, and not particularly determined. Your chances of success depend more upon your environment than yourself. I fancy, for you are not of that enterprising and daring nature which carries its initiative very far up the cliff. A certain amount of culture and some refinement of tastes and appreciation of beauty are shown.

CONCILIARY.—1. I don't see any dangerous signs about you. But, then, I think such traits as the young lady was wicked enough to saddle you with have yet plenty of time to work their full purpose. 2. You are so utterly devoid of humor that I half suspect the lady was charming you. Your writing shows rather a peaceful, amiable and harmless disposition, more apt to hope than despond, somewhat blind to little things, very reasonable and of anything but a rebellious turn of mind; you are fond of talking and not remarkably clever at it. You lack receptivity and are more practical than romantic, have some facility, and a great desire for approbation.

DAFNEY.—1. Of all the absurd reasons for writing to ask for a delineation, yours is the worst, and it is one of the most frequent accompanying studies. Why on earth should the fact that I gave you a friend what you call a good character make you anxious to be dissected? Well, here goes, my good creature. 2. You will never give up a purpose so long as there is the slightest hope of accomplishing it. Your mind is bright, also your manner; in fact, it might be dashing and do no wrong to your writing. You are self-willed, original and afraid of no man. You are well educated, appreciative and idealistic; your temper is not always—no you know! I don't believe you can always find things, nor have you stores of apropos remarks at your tongue's end. With half your ability, a quicker person often gets ahead of you. Whether you would make a success at vocal music, I cannot possibly tell. You may have no more voice than a crow, but you have artistic power, and given a voice would certainly do well if you were persevering, which it seems you are not.

MISS VASSAR.—Do you have freshmen at this college, Miss Wellesly? Miss Wellesly—Oh, my, yes! We went into the room of one the other night and chewed up all her gum.

YONGE & COLLEGE—Entrance 4 and 6 College Street
MRS J. PHILP
Ladies and Children's Outfitter
Manufacturers of Fine Underwear for Ladies and Children. Children's Dresses—all ages. A full assortment of Baby Linen. Children's Underwear and Ladies' Underwear all ways in stock.

MISS PLUMMER, Modiste
Room 28, Oddfellows' Building
Cor. Yonge and College Streets.
Evening Dresses and Tricorneaux a specialty.

CHILDREN'S FROCKS
We make a specialty of this line. Latest styles. Satisfaction guaranteed. Reasonable terms.
LADIES' WORK DEPOSITORY, 18 King Street East.

FOR PRINTING AND BOOKBINDING
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION GO TO
HUNTER, ROSE & CO. 25 Wellington St. West, Toronto
Estimates given. Telephone 545.

Once In Six Months Not Enough.

Twice a year at least it has got to be done. Every housekeeper knows it. Carpets must be taken up and beaten, floors scrubbed, paint washed, walls whitened, holes and corners overhauled and purified, useless odds and ends turned over to the ragman or the dustman, and the house made clean, neat, and orderly for another six months. Good old custom! It defines the difference between the homes of civilized human beings and the huts and caves of savages. But some parts of the house ought to be cleansed every day. Dirt is your worst enemy. Let us not allow him to have things all his own way for months.

There is one house, anyhow which must be kept clean all the time. The regular Spring and Autumn scouring isn't enough. The house may be rotten down and the tenant dead before that.

A famous physician says: "Intelligent men and women will go to all the trouble and expense of driving away dirt when it is where they can see or smell it, yet seem to have no idea that an enormous quantity of foul, rotten, and abominable matter exists within their bodies—the seeds of disease and premature death."

The doctor is quite right, but why don't people understand it? Because they have never been taught what "disease" really is. They think of it as something to "catch," a sort of mysterious thing which comes and goes like gusts of wind in the tree tops. Yet disease—no matter what a lot of hard names the medical men call it by—is simply the effect of impurities that get inside of our bodies—dirt is the most wonderful and complicated house that was ever built.

Now, how does the dirt get there? How can we clean it out? Two questions put right to the point—both of them. Let us see.
Lying on our table as we write are more than fifty letters, all on the same subject, and all saying the same thing. We pick up the first that comes to hand. It is from a woman, and we will tell you the substance of what she says. Away back in February, 1886 she was taken ill. Exactly what ailed her she couldn't tell. But that she felt weak, low, and miserable was certain. For one thing she had a hacking cough that shook and tired her and broke up her sleep.

Often, particularly in the morning, a sour, bitter stuff came up into her throat and mouth and half choked her. Her tongue was covered with fur and her mouth tasted badly, a sickening taste that made her shudder and shiver with disgust as one would at a mouthful of mouldy, wormy biscuit. Even good food had no charms for her; everything had lost its relish. No sooner did she swallow a bit of bread or meat than it gave her a dreadful pain at the chest and sides, as though it had lodged in the wrong place. Then there was the phlegm that gathered all the while and compelled her to weary herself out with hawking and straining to get it up.

Well, we needn't go much further into the details. Almost everybody who reads these lines has suffered the same way, or knows others who have. The lady grew weaker, of course. What else could be expected? No nourishment, no strength. That's the law for us all—from kings to coal-heavers. A doctor gave her his opinion and his medicine. She tried the latter for two months, then stopped. What's the sense of going on taking drugs that make one feel no better? None, to be sure; it's a waste of time and money. And money is too hard to come by to throw away for no good.

By this time our friend could barely walk about, and if help didn't come soon she wouldn't be able to do even that. Merciful Goodness! how many thousands of women there are in dear old England in precisely this pitiable shape this blessed minute. Well, thank Heaven, some of them hear the good news every day that dawn.

"In June," says this one, "I read the wonderful little book that tells of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I got the medicine from Mr. E. H. May, chemist, Friars street, Reading, and found relief in a few days. I continued taking it, and was soon in good health. Yours truly (signed), Mrs. Mary Skeate, St. Leonard's square, Wallingford, Berks, November 25th, 1892."

Constipation, indigestion, and dyspepsia, were the cause of all the mischief. From the dull and torpid stomach, from the sour and fermented food, went forth the impurities which filled the blood and set up pain and misery. That, and nothing else, was the trouble, and that is always the trouble. What makes it? Uncleanliness, ladies. Pardon us, but you want the truth. If with Mother Seigel's help, you will keep the interior of your bodies as clean as your parlors, you won't write such sad letters.

Clean house, then keep it clean. Not once in six months; but gently, sensibly, all the while. When you feel the dirt (you can't see this kind) wash it out at once. The human body is God's temple, the Bible says.

"REINDEER BRAND"
CONDENSED MILK

"I am satisfied that the original milk from which the 'REINDEER BRAND' is prepared is of unusual richness. In point of flavor, color and consistency, it leaves nothing to be desired." (Signed) DR. OTTO HEINER, Hon. Sec'y Soc'y of Pub. Analysts, London, Eng.

"The Truro condensed milk, 'REINDEER BRAND,' has been analysed by our chemist and found superior to the famous Swiss products." (Signed) PROF. JAS. W. ROBERTSON, Dcm. Dairy Commission.

"The 'Reindeer' Brand Condensed Milk must be pronounced of excellent quality and in every respect satisfactory." DR. ARTHUR HILL HASSALL, Analyst, Sanit. Inst., London, Eng.

"Lieut. Gordon reports 'Reindeer' Brand Condensed Milk supplied Hudson Bay Expedition quite equal to the best brands he ever used." HON. A. W. McLELLAN, Minister of Marine and Fisheries, Canada.

THE World's Fair Premium Tailor Dress
Cutting School. Dressmaking taught in all the latest branches. Seamless waists a specialty. Day and evening classes. Miss M. FLEMING, 240 Yonge St., Up-stairs.

Actresses
have all their Elegant and Fashionable Costumes
Interlined with Fibre Chamois

For the constant rough usage of traveling, the packing and unpacking—it is superior to any lining ever produced—as it does not remain creased or wrinkled, and as it is not stiffened by starch or glue, it is not affected by moisture.

Will drape gracefully and may be neatly plated.

At all stores, 64 inch wide, 35c per yard. 3 weights. Every yard of the **Genuine Fibre Chamois is Labeled**. Beware of inferior imitations.

Patented July, 1890. Trade Mark Registered.

The wholesale trade only supplied by **The Canadian Fibre Chamois Co., Montreal**.

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND H. SHEPPARD - Editor

SATURDAY NIGHT is a Twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly, and devoted to its readers.

Office, 9 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.
TELEPHONE No. 1709.

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:

One Year.....	\$2 00
Six Months.....	1 00
Three Months.....	50

Delivered in Toronto, 50c. per annum extra.

Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (LTD.), PROP'S.

VOL. VIII TORONTO, MAY 4, 1895. No. 24



Stage and Platform.

The period of indoor attractions has practically closed and for several months the youth and beauty of America will seek amusement in the open air. Ten thousand bicycles are being ridden in Toronto this year, it is estimated; the Hunt clubs and Driving clubs have already held meets, and some stiff cross-country riding has already been done; the Jockey Club races are at hand and are almost the sole topic of conversation with a large portion of our people; a professional season of baseball will make life livelier than it has been of late for thousands who favor that game; our leading lacrosse organization, has, I believe, reconstructed itself, and Toronto may not this year humiliate herself in the presence of Ottawa and Montreal; cricket will be more extensively played than it has been for years; football is still continued, but will soon retire until the fall; the lawn tennis clubs will be more prosperous than ever and new ones organized; golf, which is new here, promises to be seized upon with a favor that is phenomenal only to those who have not fallen under the spell of the game; canoeing, yachting and water sports are likely to be brisk, the Argonaut crew races in England, and Gaudaur seems likely to have several contests on his hands. As a clincher let me say that I saw a man producing the other day a rusty and dusty old croquet set, and we all know that when croquet emerges on the first of May it augurs a reckless sporting season.

Theatricals we have had a very good season. For a long time at the Grand we had an unbroken succession of pieces that had been very popular in New York, and for a month at a time the prices would remain raised one-half. At the Toronto Opera House, I think, Manager Small has presented the best list of attractions in the history of the theater, for although some of the melodramas were made up entirely of clap-trap regulated to the taste of the remarkable species of humanity who do the applauding in the gallery, yet the average play was good and many were exceptionally so. The Academy, true to its record, has yielded surprises, presenting some unusually good attractions and others unspeakably bad. A few years ago when the lamented Percy Green was manager, the Academy had faith in its future and consistently gave a dollar's worth of amusement for a dollar. Since then it has had varying moods—one week dark, the next brilliant with some splendid attraction, and the next worse than empty, for on the boards would be a poor fizzle of a show. A theater cannot cultivate a special public of its own in this way. Manager Stair, who has made himself popular in Toronto, seemed likely to put a new life into the house, and his scheme for making it an out-and-out vaudeville theater promised well last fall, yet Toronto being somewhat out of the line of travel of vaudeville companies and the town not seizing upon the idea as it might have been expected to do, no doubt caused this scheme to be abandoned after due experiment. Mr. Stair must have felt himself the victim of circumstances, when he put on the attractions that have occupied his boards of late. The lease of the company which he represents has, I think, expired, or does expire this month, and I am told that a new company has secured the premises and will rebuild it into a first-class house and compete with the Grand for the highest class of patronage next season. It may also be added that Manager Young of the Museum is understood to be at present letting contracts for building a great Museum on the site of the present one, having it ready for opening Exhibition week.

Dan McCarthy is one of the actors whom I never fail to see when he visits Toronto. What he may be off the stage one can only guess, but on it he seems such a light-hearted and good fellow that one is benefited by seeing him. There are greater actors and better singers, supported by stronger companies, whom I would pass by at any time to see McCarthy romp with the children and turn the laugh on the villain. That others feel the same way is shown by the good houses which always greet him in Toronto.

Mr. Ellis Leslie, whose articles in this paper have shown him to be an advanced student of psychology, has been suddenly called to England to give a series of lectures before the London Society for Psychological Research on the advancement of Psychology in all its branches on the continent of America during the past five years. The United States has made such immense strides in this subject of late that it is Mr. Leslie's firm opinion that the science of Psychology, or at least that portion of it in which hypnotism

and psycho-therapeutics are concerned, will come under the head of exact science in the Republic before the close of 1896 or possibly earlier. Mr. Leslie has, therefore, accepted an offer to place a full statement of recent developments before the London Psychological Society, and leaves to-day for New York, where he will take passage for England next Wednesday. I have had the pleasure of intimate acquaintance with Mr. Leslie during his stay in Toronto and am sure many will be pleased to hear that he contemplates re-visiting Canada in the autumn.

Some of the members of the Victoria Dramatic Club are very apt to soon develop into professionals, so successful have they been in amateur performances. The annual At Home of the Club, opening with dramatic presentations and concluding with dancing, are always enjoyable. The At Home occurs in Davies' Hall on May 9, the theatricals commencing at 8.15 o'clock.

I notice that Miss Marguerite Dunn, one of our most charming local elocutionists, successfully appeared at the Harlem Opera House, New York, last week. Having filled her American engagements, Miss Dunn returns to Toronto this week, I believe.

Dr. Thomas O'Hagan lectured in Kingston on Tuesday evening, April 23, before a crowded house in the Kingston Opera House, in aid of the Hotel Dieu of that city, his subject being Wit and Humor. Everyone was delighted with the lecture, which was pronounced by the Kingston papers as witty, entertaining and brilliant.

Rehearsals have been under way for some time for the minstrel entertainment to be given in the Auditorium on Monday evening, under the auspices of the Knights of Pythias. A lot of jolly young fellows, clever actors and unusually good singers are taking part and I will be much surprised if the affair is not rarely good. New jokes have been created purposely by local experts and it is claimed that the record in minstrelsy will be broken, both for singing and fun-making. Whaley, Royce & Co. are selling tickets and selling them rapidly.

One of the most interesting entertainments of the season remains yet to be enjoyed. On May 30 and 31, Mr. H. N. Shaw of the Conservatory School of Elocution, assisted by Miss Matthews and the pupils of the School, will present Sophocles' Electra in the Grand Opera House. Plumtree's English poetical translation will be given, but in the music, the costumes and grouping, the Greek art will be carefully followed. The Greek movements are very elaborate, more so than those used in Antigone; the choruses, too, will be composed of maidens and not of old men as in Antigone, which will permit of finer effects. Signor D'Auria is at present composing incidental music in the Greek manner for the occasion, and one of the striking features of the production will be the introduction of the celebrated Hymn to Apollo, written 278 B.C., and only discovered at Delphi in 1893. This hymn since its discovery has only been produced three times, at Paris, London and New York, and Toronto will thus hear its fourth production. Mr. Shaw will take the part of Orestes and Miss Matthews that of Electra, the other parts falling to the hands of the carefully trained pupils of the Conservatory School.

MACK.

The Bloodhound.

The bloodhound is a dog around which great interest centers. Thousands of people would



not know a bloodhound if they saw one, because Uncle Tom's Cabin companies have appeared everywhere during the past twenty years with strings of magnificent animals called bloodhounds, but which in reality were Great Danes. The Great Dane is a splendid-looking animal, but he is not a bloodhound by any manner of means. The above is a portrait of Mr. George B. Sweetnam's young bloodhound exhibited at the Bench Show last week. This breed of dog has a power of scent and a perseverance unknown to any other canine. It has a long, lean skull, prominent peak, narrow fore-face, largely developed olfactory organs, low-set, soft, pendulous ears, narrow, deep muzzle and enormous dew-lap, deep, sunken, low-girt, lozenge-shaped eyes peering from beneath layer upon layer of overhanging skin. Many of the tales told about bloodhounds are, no doubt, untrue, but the perseverance, courage and scent of the dog are such that warrant is given for almost any story that exists in fiction.

A View of Japan.

Poulney Bigelow in the Speaker.

The interests of England and America and Germany are here identical. Let Japan take all she can possibly hold, for she can but hold it in trust for the benefit of our commerce. Europe has only one great enemy to trade in the Far East, and that is Russia; for where the Czar sets his Custom House he there proclaims the policy of "Protectionism." Russia has in the Far East only one obstacle to expansion, and that is Japan. Japan is fighting our battles in the Pacific, and we owe her a debt the greatness of which time will enable us to realize.

For Some Women.

Egbert—You think football is a proper game for women?

Bacon—Just the thing for some women.

"Would you allow your wife to play?"

"No; but I'd encourage her mother to go in to it."

An Open Letter.

To the Editors of Ontario Who Have Spoken as One Man Against the Pass System.

DESIRING to place a few ideas under the attention of the editors of the province, it has occurred to me that no better way existed than to write them an open letter in the columns of this paper. It is about the use of passes by Members of Parliament that I desire chiefly to speak. The newspapers are unanimous in condemning the practice, and nearly all of them express profound astonishment that Sir Oliver Mowat and his colleagues in office, his followers and his Conservative opponents in the Legislature, have taken a stand in favor of passes. The province, as we all know, is aroused. Mr. Mulock is going to carry the matter into the Dominion House, and then the whole country will be aroused. It is always a grand spectacle to see a great moral reform rise up and—lie down again. I am sure I have no desire to evade any duty of the profession, and if we want the whole country aroused, why, I'm willing to wake up Pumpkin Valley, where my paper circulates. "There is a destiny that shapes our ends, let the chips fall where they may," is the motto of my paper and we live up to it every time. But an editor living out of town is often undecided as to what action to take in a given case. For instance, the "pass" question is perplexing. I have had an editorial standing in type these three weeks past and cannot decide to use it, and yet don't want to waste the type now that it has been set. But as the type, being tied up that way, leaves us short-handed, it has been found necessary to bring matters to a sudden head by means of this letter.

Of course it is all right for us to take lofty ground in regard to members of Parliament and passes. The press of this country is a credit to this country. But what I want to know before I use that editorial (it breathes a higher morality than any I have seen in other papers) is this, has the secretary of the Canadian Press Association or anyone else informed the railroad managers that the Press stands where it has always stood in regard to press privileges on the trains, boats, balloons and picnic grounds? What I fear is that our high moral tone on this pass question may not be construed by the railway people in the purely Pickwickian sense in which it is intended. It would be peculiarly unfortunate if any misunderstanding should occur in this connection with summer at our doors. Necessary explanations may have been made to the railroad people and the tip passed along among newspaper men. If so, I have been overlooked, and all that remains necessary is for someone to drop me a postal card and that editorial will go in at top of column, double leaded. It will help to arouse the country, but I don't want my pass cancelled. I have a press permit (2 cents per mile) on all Canadian railroads. Last year I had single fare permits on both the Grand Trunk and the C. P. R. When I want a straight pass I apply for it and get it, but I believe we could get more passes if the members of Parliament had to give up theirs. When I was in Toronto last summer (I always get a pass in July and visit Toronto and Hamilton) I met an editor of a daily paper there who has since done magnificent work against the iniquitous pass system. I knew he was an authority on the subject, for he showed me his wallet, containing single-fare permits on the railroads, books of free tickets on the boats to Niagara, Rochester, Hamilton, Grimsby, Lorne Park, Mackinac, Montreal, and the Island, passes to all the theaters, old ones for the Industrial Exhibition, the Jockey Club races, and I know not what all. He said that the Street Railway Company ought to be run out of town, for it positively refuses to recognize the press, but he worked a bicycle company for a free wheel while I was there, and wrote eloquent editorials proving that a bicycle paid for itself in street car fares in one year. He bet me a box of cigars that he would have a street car pass when I came up in July of this year. Now, I want to get to Toronto in July, and yet I want to gather all the glory that can be got out of taking a high moral ground on this subject. Glory is all right, yet I'll face the land to have my pass cancelled. When travelling editors are forced to pay.

The railways never got a cent of value out of me yet for the passes supplied. I remember a story (it was in my paper once) about a man calling upon a New York railroad manager and asking for an annual pass over his road. "On what ground do you claim a pass?" "Well, I'd like to have one." "No doubt, but why should I give you one?" pursued the manager. "Well, look here; I'll tell you. Last week I was running up from Buffalo to New York. There were nine of us laughing and talking in the smoker, and when the conductor came around it was observed that every man but me

had a pass. I never felt so blamed mean in all my life, and so I decided to call—"Say, do you spell your name with an 'e' or without it?" said the manager, rapidly preparing the necessary document. This shows that managers would as soon give passes as not. The kernel of the matter seems to lie right here: Let the railway people understand that the press is speaking of parliamentary passes and is not surrendering any press privileges. In fact, a hint should be conveyed that the passes taken from members of parliament might wisely be handed to editors, many of whom are married or have friends who are constantly seeking to borrow passes. All the best people in a community coax at the editor for the use of his pass, and he should have three or four. It is hard to get along with less without losing work. There is really nothing in the idea that the giving of passes to the members of Parliament is a corrupt thing, but the idea sounds well in an editorial. There is nothing corrupt about giving passes to editors. We make no return. As a rule we are not shippers of freight. An editor gets his papers carried free by mail and express, and the engine-driver brings down his semi-annual keg of ink in the engine if the editor knows his business and stands in with Aleck. Our regular per mile rate, even if we do not get passes, is less than the special rate granted to commercial travelers who are traveling purposely to sell goods that will be shipped by rail. Any excess of baggage is charged against the drummer, but railroads are never saucy with editors. The fact is they like editors and give us passes on that account. If, therefore, it is understood by the railway people just where the press stands on the pass question, well and good. Let some editor or railroad man send me word, care Box 450, at this office, and I will open up on the Members of Parliament who accept passes, in a way that will make my subscribers in Pumpkin Valley a serried phalanx of indignation.

Fraternally yours,
AN OUT-OF-TOWN EDITOR.

The Speaker Scandalized.

St. James' Budget.

Humor is not generally supposed to be a characteristic of Mr. Peel, the retiring Speaker of the British House of Commons. Once Mr. John Barry (formerly member for Wexford) thought he would give Mr. Peel a cause for laughter which could not be resisted. He had introduced Mr. Dalziel to the House on his first election for Kirkcaldy Burghs.

"There's a difference in the spelling of the member's name, Sir," said Mr. Barry, referring to the writ.

"What is the difference?" asked the Speaker gravely.

"It's an 'ell of a difference, Sir," replied the member for Wexford.

"I beg your pardon!" said the Speaker, fixing his eyes severely upon Mr. Barry.

"It's an 'ell of a difference, sir," repeated Mr. Barry.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the speaker again, with a voice like the ring of a steel hammer on a block of granite.

"It's an 'ell of a difference," pleaded Mr. Barry—"an 'ell of a difference."

"I beg your pardon again, sir!" replied Mr. Peel, with rising thunder in his tones.

"Well, sir! it is an 'ell of a difference. In writing Mr. Dalziel's name someone has left out the 'l' in the middle."

Not a muscle of the Speaker's face relaxed. He bowed Mr. Barry severely from the chair, and that gentleman never tried again.

He Knew His Business.

Detroit Free Press.

In one of the interior towns of Michigan reside two lawyers who have a weakness which manifests itself at periodical intervals. It is only in a mild form, though, so their friends rather take it as a joke than as a serious matter, especially as both of them are pretty well along in years. One night they happened to meet on their way home, and though one shied and tried to keep in the shade, the other wouldn't have it that way. It was evident that he wanted something, for he tackled his legal friend without ceremony.

"Say, Charlie," he said, "is that you?"

"Course it is," was the response. "Didn't s'pose I was going around in disguise, did you?"

"What you want?"

"Want to know what time it is, that's all."

It was two o'clock in the morning and the man in the shadow of the street knew it, and appreciated the fact.

"Well," he said slowly, so as to make the dignity of the occasion more apparent, "I decline to tell you. You ought to know better, sir, than to try to get me to answer a question that would incriminate me," and he passed along in the farther shadows, leaving his friend standing in the middle of the sidewalk in a dazed condition.



Note: Leigh, of The Events—I understand your daughter is engaged to Count de Broken. Mrs. Darragh—Yes, but only for a limited season. She is going on the stage, you know, in a society play.—Scribners.

The Pianist.

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE PLAYING OF MR. H. M. FIELD.

For Saturday Night.

He plays'd like op'ning fairy doors
Those keys of black and white,
And conjur'd from their mystic shades
Sweet creatures of delight;
Nymph, elfin, fay and sprite,
From sylvan glen
And whispering ten,
Where lilacs grow,
As white as snow.

It seem'd that ev'ry syll of sound
Danc'd deftly 'round me there;
With fitting form and rhythmic wing
Pulsing the raptur'd air,
Evolving music rare
As sipping waters
In coral caves,
Or nightingales
In moonlit vales.

I heard beneath his pearly touch
Bright ocean sprites at play,
Each splashing each with feath'ry drops
Of rainbow-tinted spray;
All shimm'ring with the ray
Of sunset's glow,
When shadows grow
And stars serene
Are faintly seen.

I heard the surging of the sea,
The babbling of the brook,
And laughing cascades leaping down
Some craggy rock-cliff nook,
Where tinkling lovers lock,
While forest flows
Perfume the bow'rs
And honey-bees
Hold revelries.

I heard the birds, the early birds,
That twitter in the morn,
Watching their blithest symphonies
By lawns sweetly born,
With winking of the home
And minister bells
Whose vibrant swells
With throbbing glee
Signal o'er the sea.

Sweet dreams of yore and faces flown
They brought again to me,
Those sparkling trills that lit my heart
Like sunlight on the sea,
With many a memory
Of dear dead years,
Till glistening tears
Bade each refrain
Repeat its strain.

And as each trembling chord sublimed
Stole starward from the strings,
Its buoyant echoes seemed to glow,
With ever widening wings,
My soul to higher things;
Where far away
Love's harpers play
In God's great heart
No trivial part.

ERNEST E. LINDEN.

After.

For Saturday Night.

She that I love is gone.
The great gray sea is cold;
The damp, dim mist of old,
All the great sea enfold,
Heavy and white and wan.
Out of the night of day,
Out of the far-away
Ory the white birds that stray.
And on the coast-hills hold,
Played the wild wet spray
Caught by the wind away;
And the wide sea is cold
Where the great sun once shone.
She that I love is gone.

BERNARD K. SANDWELL.

To Amaryllis, Who Would Write.

When lovely Amaryllis speaks,
Her words my homage so compel
That ready for days or weeks
Content I'd sit,
To hear the wit
And wisdom from her lips which fell.

And ah! when Amaryllis sings,
All conversation dies away;
A bird she is, bereft of wings;
The nightingale
Would wholly fall,
To imitate her upper A.

But oh! when Amaryllis writes . . . !
She hopes to conquer fame by dint
Of scribbling stories and invites
Her swain to praise
Each clumsy phrase,
And bids him get the stuff in print.

Nay, let an easier plan be tried,
And if for sure renown you look,
You've but to lay the pen aside;
We'll soon declare
The maiden rare
Who never even wrote a book!

—St. James Budget.

Good-bye.

Kiss me and say good-bye,
Good-bye—we have no other word than this,
Nor any lips left for our lips to kiss,
Nor any tears to shed when these tears dry—
Kiss me and say good-bye.

Farewell—be glad—forget—
There is no need to say forget, I know,
For youth is youth, and time will have it so;
And though your lips are pale and your eyes wet,
Farewell—you will forget.

You shall bring home your sheaves,
Many and heavy, and with blossoms twined
Of memories that go not out of mind—
Let this one sheaf be twined with poppy leaves
When you bring home your sheaves.
Lyrics of Old France.

Progression.

At seventeen he madly loved
A woman twenty-eight;
At thirty, in one twenty-three
He thought he'd met his fate;
At forty to a maid eighteen
His passion he confessed;
At sixty he is married to
A schoolgirl in short dresses.

—Kansas City Journal.

That Horrid Cat.

El Dilevito.

Newspaper Editor—Juan, take that cat away; I cannot write with the row it is making. Where is it?
Juan—Why, sir, you are sitting on it.

Must Towns Dwindle Away?

THIS paper has frequently in the past four years considered the question of rural population and has endeavored to show that natural laws explain results which some are disposed to attribute to political influences. In former articles upon the subject it has been pointed out that a general tendency of population towards the cities could be observed throughout almost the whole of western civilization. In Ontario the small villages of twenty years ago no longer exist in their one-time condition. Many have naturally grown larger, others have naturally stood still, grown smaller or fallen into positive decay. Small villages dotted the whole agricultural area of the province—sometimes mere clusters of houses where men who spent the summer working on the farms and the winters chopping in the woods, shearing sheep and sticking pigs, maintained their homes and raised their families. There would be one or two stores for the sale of general merchandise, a couple of blacksmith shops, wagon shops and cooperages. Such villages have altered their trade or have been wiped out. The introduction of machinery on the farm (reapers, mowers, horse-rakes, seed-drills, steam-threshers and what not) has not only deprived the men who lived in villages of their steady work in summer, but has made it necessary for the farmer who has three or four sons to send them away from home—that is, to farm in the North-West or to enter a trade or profession in large towns or cities. In Ontario there is no longer chopping in winter for an army of men, for our timber has been almost exhausted. The wagon-maker in the small village no longer manufactures wagons, buggies and cutters as he used to do. He is merely a salesman for some large manufactory, keeping one man to repair broken shafts. He does not make plows, or harrows or land rollers. Like the shoemaker he has become simply a cobbler, and his sons go to work in the big factories where his one-time employees have long been engaged. Anyone who has lived in country places will fully understand this, and it is the flimsiest nonsense to attribute the decline in rural population in Ontario to the National Policy or any other artificial influence.

I have reopened this question purposely to quote from an able article in the April Forum by Mr. Henry J. Fletcher, in which he undertakes to show that the small town is doomed. "The decline of large cities, whenever it has occurred, has attracted universal attention, but less heed is paid to the decay of villages. One by one, family by family, their inhabitants slip away in search of other homes; a steady but hardly perceptible emigration takes away the young, the hopeful, the ambitious. There remain behind the superannuated, the feeble, the dull, the stagnant rich who will risk nothing, the ne'er-do-wells who have nothing to risk. Enough workers remain to till the soil, to manage the distribution of food and clothing, and to transact the common business of life; but the world's real work is done elsewhere.

"Such a silent tragedy is enacted to-day in a multitude of small communities scattered throughout the North-Central States. All these small communities had their period of active growth; many of them, indeed, grew too fast, some dried up and perished. Their people look back sorrowfully to the time when the railroads were built, when the mills were grinding, when town property was worth more than its cost. That happy period was from ten to thirty years ago; the general decline of the small municipalities of the West became most noticeable during the decade from 1880 to 1890.

Taking the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Iowa, representing the richest and best watered region of the country, lying in the heart of the continent and having a good climate and intelligent population, Mr. Fletcher shows by a table prepared from census returns that half their townships have lost population. Let me give this table:

STATES.	Townships stationary in population, 1880-1890.	Townships increased in population, 1880-1890.	Townships lost population, 1880-1890.	Total.
Ohio.....	32	839	755	1,316
Indiana.....	16	426	482	924
Illinois.....	45	579	800	1,424
Iowa.....	29	893	601	1,321
Michigan.....	12	106	416	594
Total.....	144	3,003	3,144	6,051

Mr. Fletcher shows that in Michigan, Wisconsin and other States similar conditions exist, and then he gives a second table showing how village industries have fallen into decay in the decade 1880-1890. This table is also based on census returns:

STATES.	Actual population, 1880.	Actual population, 1890.	Per cent. of population, 1880-1890.
Iowa.....	1860	1890	101.6
Illinois.....	1860	1890	101.6
Indiana.....	1860	1890	101.6
Iowa.....	1860	1890	101.6
Michigan.....	1860	1890	101.6

Some little time ago, it will be remembered, Sir Richard Cartwright prepared a table showing the populations of the various municipalities in, I think, the county of Oxford. He chose to treat the matter as one of exceeding gravity and it was so accepted everywhere. His arguments were spoken of as unanswerable. Yet the showing was quite as good as the above. His facts and figures were without political significance, although significant of those great changes that have occurred during the present generation almost unnoticed. To restore to the rural parts of Ontario their vanishing population would require that Sir Richard and his colleagues should not only destroy the large manufactories of the country, but also suppress the use of labor-saving machinery on the farm. Many causes contribute to the general result, and all are so inextricably interlocked that only by turning back the clock for twenty years can the old condition be restored. It is beyond the power of man, and properly so. New conditions require new expedients, and Sir Richard is not likely to prove the man for the emergency when

he attributes to the local influence of the National Policy results which are world-wide and natural. He would seek by a local expedient to overcome a universal cause. To restore to Oxford county its lost population he would withdraw protection from our large manufactories—but the old villages would not arise from decay, nor the scythe, sickle and cradle reappear on the farm. Reapers and mowers would still be used, made, however, not in Toronto, but Chicago, where our skilled workmen would follow the changed center of trade. Be this as it may, it cannot be denied that political theorists who fail to realize conditions cannot possibly be relied upon to devise means of relief. Mr. Fletcher in his able article does not suggest remedies. He points out conditions and the underlying law that has produced them. His only proposal of relief consists in a recommendation that freight rates be made uniform throughout the United States, so that it will not be, as now, absolutely necessary for manufactories to locate in large centers. He views with alarm the various tendencies which he says are contributing to create a peasantry in the United States. This is the very heart of the subject.

Perhaps no system of society ever existed in an agricultural country without a peasantry, but it has been thought that in America this could be avoided. I can see no possible way out of it save in the development of machinery to an extent as yet little speculated upon. Our cities are growing great, our towns are standing still, our villages are falling back into farm land. Immutability laws seem to declare that in time all middle-men, all intermediary stages, whether of a social or mercantile nature, shall be removed, and the grower of grain come face to face with the producer of cloth, of machinery, etc. That is, that there shall be great cities, few, mighty and sufficient, engulfing everything but agriculture, which, beginning abruptly at their gates, shall stretch far and wide, unbroken, unvaried, unrelieved. Once simplify the conditions of life in this way—the Patrons and the plutocrats in their widely different spheres are fighting towards this end—and we shall have a peasantry and a gentry as distinctly divided as any country in Europe ever possessed. Worse, too, for the peasantry, because the middle classes and the artisans will not, as in Europe, be scattered everywhere to serve as buffers between the two, but will of necessity be restricted to the cities where all the arts and trades adhere. So far as I can see, the only means of obviating the development of a peasantry in America is to so perfect machinery that agriculture, the most laborious and simple of labors, shall no longer depend in the main upon the muscle of man, but upon the docility of electricity and the strength of steel. Where, under such circumstances, our present rural population would betake itself I cannot really conceive. By that time we may get our food daily from Government storehouses for all we know—and work be so rare and so prolific of result that to be elected plowman for a country will be an honor greater than any now open to the man of wealth and station. Perhaps! MACK.

Dooley on Coinage.

A Bimetallist Conference That Ended in the Use of the Seltzer Bottle on the Conference.

CHIAGO, May 3.

"There's wan thing I'll tell ye now, Jawns, an' that's not two things—I'll have naw more discussions iv th' silver question in this house," said Mr. Dooley. "I've had enough, an' th' nex' man that opens his head to mention it, I'll bounce into th' middle iv th' street at a ratio iv sixteen to wan—sixteen wallops with th' bungstarter to wan head.

"Las' night I was settin' here dhrinkin' me peaceful dhrink an' smokin' me tin-clint seggar whin in come Dinny Gallagher an' that ruffin Cassidy an' orders a tub iv beer apiece. I give it to him an' while they was waitin' fr th' collar to dhrup off Cassidy says an' says he: 'I see Jawns an' Wash Hising have come together,' he says, 'over th' silver question,' he says. 'Yis,' says Gallagher, 'an' I wonder Jawns didn't tear his whiskers out be th' roots.' 'For why?' says Cassidy. 'Wash was right,' he says. 'Dye mane to tell me ye'er a gooldbug?' says Gallagher. 'Sure I am,' says Cassidy. 'Sure think,' he says. 'If ye don't presarve th' goold standard,' he says, 'ye'll bring roonation on th' country.'

"How was it before th' act iv sivilty-three," says Gallagher, "whin th' British an' th' Jew min injoiced congress fr to hurl th' brogans into silver?" he says. "Was th' country iver better off than it was th'n?" he says. "I ray-mimber well our back ya-ard was so full iv th' bones iv reed-burds we'd eat th' milkman thrippled over thim." "That may be," says Cassidy, "but silver wasn't th' cause iv it," he says. "Or if it was how come it that no wan had reed-burds two years ago whin th' govmint was turnin' out silver dollars like link sausage?" he says. "Th' rale cause iv our financial disturbance is," he says, "that th' medjoom iv exchange is not on a party with th' valyoo iv th' difference," he says. "Or," he says, "to make it more plainer," he says, "th' exchangeable commodity varies according to th' balance iv th' unit," he says. "So whin I give ye wan dollar in goold that is wan dollar in goold an' whin I give ye wan dollar in silver that is wan dollar, nayther. Dye catch th' dhrift iv me remarks?" "I do," says Gallagher. "But wasn't it th' moxies an' th' British that done it?" he says. "Not at all," says Cassidy. "It was Gresham's law," says Gallagher. "I knowed Gresham whin he was a justice iv th' peace with hair enough on his face to stuff a bed," he says. "But I con-tind this—that whin ye contract th' currency ye contract th' ability iv min to pay their debts," he says. "They sh'd be no kick comin' on that," says Cassidy. "What hurts is makin' people pay thim," he says. "Thru' fr ye," says Gallagher, "but suppose ye have ye'er watch up," he says. "What th'n?" "Rob th' spout," says Cassidy. "But that's neither here nor there nor in Connock," he says. "Th' point is this, that cheap money dhrives out dear money," he says. "How?" says Gallagher. "Well," says Cassidy, "suppose ye start out to-night with ye'er time fr th' mill in ye'er pocket," he says. "Whin ye wake up in th' mornin' ye'er pockets is full iv quarters an' dimes, most iv thim with holes in thim," he says. "So be counthries," he says.

One Way Out.



"You've encouraged them both, my dear Janette, to a really dreadful extent. When they speak, you will be much embarrassed what to say, I think."

"They have spoken."

"Indeed! And what did you say?"

"Yes."

"To which?"

"Both."

"Why, Janette?"

"It was the only way out of it."

"But you are not out of it. You've only made it worse."

"Not at all. When each learns that I have said yes to the other they will both be so very angry that they'll never speak to me again, and I won't be bothered any more."—Harper's Monthly.

"Tis there th' paratty comes in," he says. "Th' paratty iv th' booze is not sufficient to keep up th' medjoom iv exchange," he says.

"Well, look here," says Gallagher. "Dye know if I borried wan hundred thousand dollars fr'm ye in eighteen hundred an' sivilty-three I'd have to give ye two hundred thousand bushels iv wheat to-day?"

"Ye would not," says Cassidy. "I wouldn't take it," he says. "They'd be no place to put it. Ye'd pay me in dough or I'd have th' law on ye."

"Thin," says Gallagher, "I'd have to pay ye two hundred thousand dollars."

"For why?" says Cassidy. "Because I borried silver fr'm ye an' silver is now rejoyced by th' sheenies an' th' British so that it's worth only fifty cents to th' buck," he says, "an' goold, conthrarywise, is worth two dollars a dollar."

"Well, it's too bad, but ye'll have to settle in goold," says Cassidy. "I'll have no silver," he says. "A man might as well have money made out iv false teeth," he said. "Thin ye'er a Jew," says Gallagher. "Ye'er a liar," says Cassidy. "I'll have no lip fr'm ye," he says. "Ye can hang on to ye'er dirty little ol' hundred thousand," but I'll take it out iv ye on th' flare," he says.

"Hol' on there," says I. "We'll have no fightin' here," I says. "Settle up an' go home," I says. "Ye owe thirty cents fr beer." Well, Jawns, they dug in their pockets. Cassidy, the gooldbug, projooed nawthin' but a nail an' a button, an' th' bist th' free-silver man cud do was two copper cents."

"What did you do about it?" asked Mr. McKenna.

"I give thim th' con-tints iv th' siltzer bottle," said Mr. Dooley. "An' I give notice that hinceforth all bimetallic conf'rences I'll pay cash in advance. I'll restore th' paratty bechune a shell iv beer an' th' nickel iv commerce if I have to break some wan's back."

A Glance at Leo XIII.

Sir,—I read with much interest, in your last issue, a descriptive letter from one of your correspondents dealing with an afternoon service in St. Peter's, at Rome, His Holiness the Pope assisting.

My purpose in writing, however, is to point out one or two inaccuracies, in an otherwise delightful article, which generally appear in compositions of this character from non-Catholic writers, who are, as a general rule, extremely ignorant of the meaning of Catholic phraseology and its true significance.

For example, your correspondent states that High Mass was celebrated at five o'clock Sunday afternoon. Now this is veritably impossible, since the celebrant is necessarily fasting and the Church has ordained that mass should only be celebrated in the forenoon. The Sacrifice of the Mass, that divine drama, the great epic poem, is a sublime act of worship; the service described so eloquently by your correspondent is passive, a sequel, as it were, of the mass, being known as the Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament; this would account for the Pope kneeling throughout the ceremony, as mentioned in the article to which I have reference, which could not take place in the celebration of the mass, since it is necessary to stand at certain parts.

I have pointed out these inaccuracies as a means of preventing their repetition, and in conclusion I might add that writers and non-Catholics generally could with great benefit read the penny Catechism when they wish to deal with any ordinance connected with "the deposit of faith once delivered to the saints."

F. McC.

I have pointed out these inaccuracies as a means of preventing their repetition, and in conclusion I might add that writers and non-Catholics generally could with great benefit read the penny Catechism when they wish to deal with any ordinance connected with "the deposit of faith once delivered to the saints."

A Dilemma.

Friend—Have you completed your novel?

Author—Not yet, I am sorry to say. I have made six couples happy for life, but I have still got an old general and a shoemaker's widow on my hands, and somehow they won't match.

Alaskan Traditions and Ceremonials.

S O much has been written in reference to South-eastern, and, in fact, even Western Alaska, that it has ceased to be an unknown country. Many short sketches have appeared descriptive of Indian notables, but nothing in relation to their peculiar belief and superstition. To gain an insight into these matters is no easy matter; the natural disinclination upon the part of the natives to talk to strangers upon such matters, an inability to strike the right individual, for their powers of memory vary just as they do with their white brethren, and an ignorance of their language, render it a hard task. The writer, however, having been fortunate enough to master these usually insurmountable barriers, succeeded in acquiring a considerable amount of information. To begin with, it is necessary to state that "the Crow" is the native Deity, he who created the world and all mankind. And never was the sacred Ibis of the Egyptian regarded with more reverence than this king of scavengers. After having created the world he sought to people it, and from a stone attempted to make a suitable king; the result was a bear, which king, being large and clumsy, was set aside; then from reeds created he a dog, that gambled and frisked about, playful, but unsuited to his purpose. After many attempts, from grass and earth, man was evolved, and into him he breathed a spirit and to him gave a wife. The man he called "Yeatik," and the woman "Foot-se-etoot." These two lived many years, and to them were born many children. During one of their many canoe voyages a dispute ensued in regard to the size of the load, the canoe was upset, its occupants swimming ashore and everything else save a few boxes going to the bottom; these floated ashore and to-day the credulous Siwash points out marvelous resemblances in stone as positive proof of the correctness of his story. This was the beginning of strife and death in the world. Upon reaching home Yeatik commanded his family to separate, sending them to different parts of the land, with the injunction to take to themselves the bear, the walrus, the whale, etc., as husband or wife as the case might necessitate, hence the families of the eagle, bear, etc. This disposes, I believe, for the first time of a much discussed question, viz: As to where the descendants of Adam procured helpmates. After a time Yeatik, being old and feeble, died. Being at a loss as to how to dispose of the body they called upon the Crow, who directed them to bury him in a box, in a little house raised on four short posts above the ground, said hut to be surmounted by a figure of the Crow and placed on some high cliff over-looking the sea. This was done, and the custom prevailed until the death many years later of Kakot, a great "tree," who on the second day after burial came to life and being in a decidedly uncanny state hid himself. His widow and friends, coming to see that the grave was not molested, were greatly terrified when he appeared, for "His eyes were as big as saucers and like balls of fire, part of his chin was gone and from his nostrils came a horrible stench." Too much for them was this frightful apparition and they fled, returning some time later. During their absence, Kakot bathed himself. A canoe was made ready and he was conveyed home. Then he counseled them to forever after cremate their dead, giving the following reasons: That those who were buried rested cold and uncomfortable and also experienced hunger and thirst, while those that were burned rested warm and comfortable and, provided food were burned also and water placed in an excavation, always had plenty to eat and drink. This man was permitted to live provided his wife would wake him at the first crow call each morning. This she did, settling by his couch each night, but so great was the strain of this lonely midnight vigil that towards morning her weary eyelids closed, the crow came sounded and Kakot slept to wake no more.

So much for the origin of creation and cremation. As regards the cremation ceremony, it would be best to begin with the last moments of the individual about to pass into that great green tent whose door never swings outward. When it is a certainty that the case is hopeless a drug, the nature of which none save the Indian knows, is administered to the patient and the end hastened materially. Preparation for the ceremony is not always delayed until after death; such minor details as arranging the body in the cremation costume and oiling the face are generally attended to before that important event. The cremation costume consists of a Chilcat blanket, white gloves, over which are drawn a heavier pair, a huge knife in the right hand, a pair of breeches or a dress, and moccasins. The gloves, knife and moccasins have an office to fulfil. As the individual dies a sound of roaring waters fills his ears, consciousness leaves him for a moment, and as it returns he finds himself in the other world in a trail lined with devils' walking-sticks, through which he has to force a way. This is terrible on the hands, hence the gloves; underfoot the road is ragged and stony, hence the moccasins; and to add to all this the way is beset with ferocious beasts who, but for his knife, would stop him. He journeys on and on until, weary and worn, he reaches a wide stream, on the other side of which he sees his friends, but so great is the distance that they look like flies. Tired of watching he falls asleep, and during this sleep is ferried over to his friends in the happy hunting-ground.

As soon as death has descended, the body is placed in a semi-recumbent position and the husband or wife, as the case may be, takes a curled-up position on the ground at the feet of the corpse, enveloped in a blanket, neither eating nor drinking, thus giving evidence of a substantial grief. Upon the arrival of the hour for the ceremony, the body is lifted in a blanket by a number of women and passed out through a window to five or six men hired to act as pall-bearers. The door is never used, save by the living. As it is passed out, the oldest kletchman (woman) present huris after it a dog and a shovelful of ashes, the ashes to blind the evil spirit so that he may enter the body of the dog by mistake, and thus he is carried away. Now that the body has left the house the family and friends become merely spectators; the men hired for the occasion attend to everything. No walling, lamentation or evidence of grief is permitted until the fire is lighted. Upon arriving on the grounds the body is placed on a grating of cedar trees raised a foot or more from the ground, kindling placed over it and a sort of a hut of ties built around it. As soon as the crackle of the flames strikes the ears of the hitherto silent mourners, they give way to sobs of grief and low moans. Two of the band station themselves near the burning mass and with long poles turn over the body and attend to the fire. The unemployed bearers range themselves parallel to the fire at a distance of say twenty-five feet, and chant a funeral dirge, keeping time to the music with poles held perpendicularly in front of them, raising and lowering them in unison. Sometimes the chant rises to almost a wall and again dies away so as to be almost inaudible. The excellent time and perfect harmony of the voices stamp it as a set piece of music. As soon as indications point to the complete destruction of the corpse, food is burned and the water supply attended to. Upon the consumption of the food the ashes are raked over and the fragments of bone placed in a box and buried as described in the opening of the article. This done, all trace of mourning disappears and they disperse to their several homes. One witnessing the scene for the first time cannot but be struck by the entire absence of such barbaric doings as the civilized mind usually associates with a savage ceremonial. At no time was there anything objectionable. On the whole it was a most decent and well conducted affair. In writing the above, the Indian version and wording have been as closely followed as the translation from Chinook to English will permit. Hence no particular literary merit is claimed.

Toronto, May 1. TRUXTON.

Total Depravity.

Harper's Magazine.

The bringing up of three mischievous boys, whose ages range from five to eleven years, is not the easiest task in the world, and good Mrs. Rodgers in Buffalo recently found out one more reason to fix her in the belief that inanimate things are not the only class of objects subject to total depravity. She had placed in the attic of the house a barrel of russet apples, which were not quite ripe, and which the boys had been particularly warned not to eat. Imagine Mrs. Rodgers' surprise, one rainy day, when she went up to the attic to get some clothes from a trunk, and found around her three boys suspicious-looking apple cores!

At their mother's approach two of the boys assumed an attitude of mutual devotion; but the third, a little distance off, lay on his stomach, contentedly munching an apple and apparently paying no attention to his mother's entrance.

"Jack! Henry! Willie!" exclaimed their mother reproachfully. "What ever are you doing? And those apples! Haven't I told you not to touch them?"

"Oh, yes, mamma," replied Jack, the eldest, as he took his arms from around his brother's neck; "but this is Scripture-playing. We're acting the Garden of Eden. Willie and I are Adam and Eve, and Henry over there is the serpent trying to lead us to our downfall by showing us how good the apples are."

The mother had some difficulty in keeping her face straight, but finally she replied, as sternly as she could under the circumstances: "But you two have also been eating those apples. I see as many as ten apple cores around here."

"Oh, yeth," returned Willie, the youngest, with a hiss. "We have all been taking turnth being the therpent."

A Cheat.

Life.

Uncle Philander (standing before chewing gum slot machine)—This here thing's a cheat. I put my penny in all right, pushed the little bizness an' 'thet piece of gum come down inter sight, but here I've been watchin' an' waitin' half an hour an' the gol darn jigger haan't begun to chew yet!

Short Stories Retold.

In London, in the time of George the Fourth, there was an athletic and dashing military man, Major Bracebridge by name and title, who, when he found his powers waning, retired to his country house and seldom showed himself in society. Many years later he had occasion to go up to London, and there met a lady who had known him in his younger years. "Dear me!" she exclaimed; "aren't you Major Bracebridge?" "No, madam," he answered, "but I was once."

The Kaiser William cracked a neat little joke the other day during an inspection of the cadet corps in Berlin. On these occasions the Emperor, as he walks down the line, stops to inspect each cadet, whereupon, at a given signal, the latter calls out his own name. This time, as chance would have it, one of the cadets rejoiced in the name of Kaiser. When his turn came to call out his name, His Majesty turned with a smile to the officers forming his suite and said, "A colleague of mine!"

An accomplished master of the art of stealing had to answer a charge of robbery in a Vienna court of justice. The prisoner at once admitted his guilt, but to the great surprise of the Bench, maintained a stubborn silence after one of the questions addressed to him. The presiding magistrate repeated the question, "Tell me, how did you manage to abstract the watches, which were nearly all fitted with safety rings?" The prisoner still hesitated to reply. At length he said, deeply blushing, and with a timid voice, "Excuse me, your worship, that is my secret."

The manager of an Antwerp daily paper sent a reporter to Brussels to take down the King's speech, and provided him with a brace of carrier-pigeons to convey the report without any loss of time. On arriving at Brussels, the reporter went to a restaurant, handed the pigeons to a waiter, and ordered lunch. He was kept waiting a long time, but at last they brought him a rich *fricandeau* which made up for the delay. When he had finished his meal, he paid the bill and asked for his carrier-pigeons. "Pigeons!" exclaimed the waiter, "why, you have just eaten them!"

Mrs. S—, a widow of two years' standing, drew a cheque for one hundred and fifty dollars. Presenting it for payment, she observed an amused expression on the face of the paying-teller, but she received her money and departed. A month later her book was written up and her vouchers returned, and the amused expression on the face of the paying-teller was explained. Her cheque of a month previous read: "The Bank National Bank will pay to bearer one hundred and fifty dollars." The lady is thinking of suing the bank for the balance due, for, as she says, she certainly has not collected all that the cheque called for.

Princess Mathilde is one of the few Catholics who are entitled to eat meat during Lent by a special decree of the Pope. This dispensation was accorded to her under peculiar circumstances. When the Queen of Westphalia, the mother of Princess Mathilde, once paid a visit to Pope Pius IX. at the Vatican, the Pope had a special "bull" drawn out for her benefit, in memory of her visit, dispensing her from fasting during the whole of her life-time. "Your Holiness will pardon me," said the Queen, "but I am entitled to eat meat at all times, even without your Holiness's permission, for I am a Protestant." The Pope smiled and said: "Well, then, I will transfer the dispensation to your daughter, Mathilde." This was done, and the order remains in force to the present day.

A young man from Tennessee, son of a friend of General Jackson's, went to Washington for a place. He looked about and found what he wanted. It was in the War Department and filled by a very efficient Whig, whom Secretary Cass would not remove. The young man told Jackson the situation, and Cass was sent for. "Cass," said the President, "this young man, son of my old friend, says you have got a place in the War Department filled by a Whig, which you won't give him." Secretary Cass explained that the duties of the office were of a peculiar kind, and he could get no one to fill the place if the man now in it should be removed. Jackson flared up. "By the Eternal, Cass, do you mean to tell me you have an office in your department filled by a Whig which can't be filled by a Democrat? Then abolish the office!" The young man got the place.

A clergyman was very anxious to introduce some new hymn books into the church and arranged with his clerk that the latter was to give out the notice immediately after the sermon. The clerk, however, had a notice of his own with reference to the baptism of infants to give out; accordingly at the close of the sermon he arose and announced that "All those who had children whom they wished to have baptized were to send in their names at once to the clerk." The clergyman, who was stone-deaf, assumed that the clerk was giving out the hymn-book notice, and immediately rose and said: "And I should like to say, for the benefit of those who haven't any, that they may be obtained in the vestry any day from three to four o'clock; the ordinary little ones at one shilling each, and special ones with red backs at one shilling and four pence."

It would be a pleasant thing if all people who are plagued with short memories had the ready tact by which the composer Rossini once turned his own defect into a graceful compliment. He met at a dinner one evening Bishop, the famous English song-writer, to whom he had been introduced on a previous occasion, and to whom he had taken an instant liking. "Good evening, Mr. —," began Rossini cordially, extending his hand; but the name of his English acquaintance had barely deserted him for the moment. There was scarcely a perceptible hesitation on his part, however, for instantly he began to whistle softly the opening bars of Bishop's glee, When the Wind Blows. The face of the "English Mozart," as Bishop was often called, lighted up with a smile of gratification, and Rossini's failure to recall his name was instantly forgiven in the recognition of his pretty compliment.

Between You and Me.

"WRITE," said the little lady, "about impositions." And after I had seen the little lady tucked into her coupe I came up to think over her suggestion and here I am. There are various kinds and degrees of impositions, and while the world was there will continue to increase crowds of people who are so innocent, or so yielding, or so thoughtless, or so indifferent that the wary one and the cunning one can impose on them. To begin at the beginning, where the weak does, aren't sermons often impositions? A man confessed to me that he slept pleasantly through a sermon on Sunday and got a scolding from his wife afterwards. I was so tired on Sunday evening that the best sermon in the world wouldn't have kept me awake. I don't believe the sermon I should have heard was that kind; at all events I went to sleep too, but there were many who didn't, *tant pis* for them! There are social impositions, the quiet evening, the haggard progressive eucure in a strange circle, where one asks the best-looking unknown man awful questions about the ugliest woman and finds she is the partner of his joys and sorrows. There is one rank imposition which should be stamped out with vigor, the fake patronage concert, where a list of well known names are quoted as patrons for some utterly abject "entertainment," and misguided people purchase tickets under the impression that the owners of said well known names know something to the advantage and credit of the performers. Sometimes the "patrons" attend the affair and swear never to be trapped again. More frequently they give their tickets to impecunious friends. Good-natured people are fine field for impositions. Their carriages become veritable livery hacks, in which their acquaintances ride without charge; their libraries are depleted of their nicest books, which have been known to be rescued months afterwards from a second-hand book store; they are telephoned to at last moments by women whom they scarcely know, to chaperone girls whom they have never met; when they give a dance they are pestered for invitations for other people's friends, and the room and provision for a hundred must accommodate a couple of score extra. All these impositions are as common as daylight among us.

The most execrable imposition is practiced by the people who make nice speeches and profess great affection for the victim out of whom they intend making capital in some selfish way. It makes me very savage to be told, "Dear Lady Gay, you are so clever," by the wary-eyed female who hopes to make a fool of me to her own advantage; or to have some deep-dyed humbug of a man sail a full freighted schooner of flattery across the deep seas of my conceit, just before he essays to worm a tip out of me on some extra interesting social secret. And the worst of the thing is that, being of an unsuspicious and impulsive nature, I often promise the favor to the woman, and almost blab the secret out to the man before I know it.

"Bah," said the sour-faced man, whose nose and chin nearly met, and whose ears stand akimbo, "I hate anniversaries, birthdays and so on. Rubbish!" Indiscriminate birthday anniversaries of people we love and people we don't love are trying to our honesty and truth, but who doesn't feel that the day which gave some sweet soul its abiding-place in some dear body is worthy of being remembered? Christmas day as an anniversary of the coming of the Christ to begin a life of hardship and exile and overshadowing tragedy and sorrow is the most pathetic day in the whole year to me. Did you ever think of it so, or have you been always gleefully selfish on that merry anniversary? When my dear people's birthdays come around I think how much pleasure I've had in them, how many hours have been brightened because they were alive, how many joys shared and doubled (in the wrong-end-to arithmetic of love), how they have helped me over hard places and strengthened me in dark days, and don't I love their birthdays? Rather! And when the anniversary comes around I welcome it because of them and bless the day they came among men, and with this appreciative love and gratitude it is more than impossible to hold one's peace; it is a natural expression of oneself to heartily wish them for themselves a happy birthday.

If there is one thing more risky than another it is criticism. One should know all about the thing criticized, and when one knows that much, one hesitates to be critical. The open-mouthed ignoramus who has a word of criticism and an opinion for every subject on earth, is not worth listening to, of course. The he or she who knows a little of the subject and makes critical remarks should be awfully careful; there are always better informed readers who can trip up the critic. Fault-finding critics may usually repent in sackcloth and ashes if an explanation is vouchsafed of the points to which they take exception. Therefore, once more, let us be careful how we criticize. It's a boomerang business.

When must one tell the truth? Of course in theory the answer is "always," but that is theory. Practically, one dare not do it. The other day a friend told me of a question which had embarrassed him, asked by a lady as to her musical powers. "Do you want to know the truth?" asked the brave man. "Well, then, you don't know how to sing, you have no voice, and people make fun of you!" That was exactly true, if one wished to be brutal, but there were and are people who think that lady can sing and who would have indignantly denied the truth of the brave man's answer. The world is made up of folks whose opinions differ, and matters of fact are less weighty than matters of opinion in many cases.

LADY GAY.

So many of our Toronto citizens are leaving for Europe every week that by the time the exodus is over the city will be surprisingly deserted. Barlow Cumberland, 72 Yonge street, who has booked several large parties and many smaller ones, states that the steamers on the Montreal and New York lines are rapidly filling, from which those who have not yet arranged can see the desirability of securing berths or rooms very soon.

Ladies, Dressmakers!

This is the guarantee given with "Claus Scissors":

"This pair of scissors, if stamped 'Claus, Free-mont, Ohio,' is fully warranted. If not perfectly satisfactory, return them to your dealer and get a new pair."

For sale by...

A. NICHOLSON, 73 Yonge St.
Or Claus Shear Co., 67 Adelaide St., E., Toronto

Popular Styles.

SELECTING a simple wardrobe has become an easier matter than formerly, since separate skirts are supplied in the shops in almost as great variety as are the shirt-waists of cotton and silk. A good cut in the popular style, with flaring gored breadths, is sought, and all extremes are avoided in these skirts. They are neatly lined with cambric, percaline, or taffeta, and narrowly faced with velvetine. The width of plain skirts is conservative, averaging five yards, but is sometimes less and sometimes more, those most costly reaching a width of seven yards at the foot. In the matter of interlining they differ as greatly as do the French models which they copy, in order to please the varied requirements of purchasers. All lined skirts have a narrow stiff interlining about the foot, but it is a matter of individual choice with the buyer whether they shall also be stiffened up the back to the belt, or else only half-way there, and to the depth of eight or ten inches on the sides and in front. The balayuse or dust ruffle is omitted from most skirts this season, from plain and elaborate ones alike.

The separate skirt is at present more often chosen in black than in colors, but those of tan covert suitings and whipcords, of checked tweeds, and of navy blue serge will form part of summer outfits. Skirts of black brilliantine—a glossy alpaca with small, square, silky-looking spots woven on its lustrous surface—are commended as dust-shedding and durable for summer travel and general wear. They are cut with broad double box-pleats in the back and shapely gored side and front breadths, the whole four yards and a half wide at the foot. The lining is of cambric, with a narrow stiff interlining, also a facing of the brilliantine. This is preferred by many to the more woolly, rough-surfaced stuffs for summer wear, with shirt-waists of zephyr and Madras cottons, or of *ceru* linen and of the striped wash silks.

Very handsome skirts, suitable for house and street alike, are made of black silky crepons indented in deep waves, or with narrow shirred tucks of thin silk woven across the crepon and almost concealing the wool background. These are seven yards and a half wide at the foot, and are lined with taffeta silk. They are cut with three distinct godets in the back, while the adjacent breadths are shaped in such a way that each falls in a godet curve, making a group of five, a very favorite cut at present. They may be had softly made with only slight stiffening at the foot, or else interlined with hair-cloth up to the belt in the back and nearly to the knee in front.

Tan and brown whipcords and covert suitings, so closely twilled as to be of smooth repellent surface, are in great favor for suits of jacket and skirt that are used for morning wear at present and for traveling, and will be worn all summer for outings generally, for mountain climbing, golf, etc. Though the smooth surfaces look cool, there are also more woolly chevrons in very stylish checks or blocks of brown with cream white or with black, and serges with well defined twills are used in the stylish brown and the familiar navy blue. Good gray and tan mixed summer chevrons also meet the tastes of many. The stylish mohair suits have already been noted. The way of making these suits is legion, some having the smart box-coat cut short in the new fashion, others a Norfolk jacket, belted, and with box-pleats, many a very short reefer, some with cutaway coats fastened by only one button, and very swell suits with the jacket cut short as an Eton jacket in front, and with lengthened flaring back falling eight or ten inches below the waist. Short garments prevail and most of them are made with a view to wearing over shirt-waists, if intended for slim figures, or with a vest, if for those who are large.

LA MODE.

Human Family Statistics.

The estimated population of the world on January 1 1895, was 1,500,000,000. Taking the world over, there is an average of one death and one and one-fourth births per second. Only one-half of all who are born into the world live to the age of seventeen years. Vital statistics prove that, taking the world over, there are 109 women to every 100 men. Out of every nine sudden deaths reported, eight of the number are men. The microscope shows that the human body is covered with scales, each scale covering 500 pores. Only six persons out of each 1,000 born live to be 75 years old, and only one out of the same number reaches the century mark. Figures by experts in vital statistics prove that not less than 4,847,500,000 human beings die on our globe each century.

The latest anthropological statistics prove that in America the daily, monthly and yearly number of births exceed the deaths in the ratio of three to one.

Huxley's tables show that the human body is made up of thirteen different elements, of which five are gases and eight solids.

The average height of man in the United States is 5 feet 10½ inches; in England, 5 feet

9 inches; in France, 5 feet 4 inches; in Belgium, 5 feet 6½ inches.

A Large Denomination.

"But didn't you tell me you were an Episcopalian?" I asked in astonishment.

"Oh, yes," said the old man; "I'll tell you how it is. Last spring I went down to New Orleans visitin', and while I was there I went to church, and it happened to be an Episcopalian one, and among other things I heard 'em say that they'd left undone them things they'd oughter done and done them things they hadn't oughter done; and I said to myself, 'That's just my fix, too,' and since then I've always considered myself an Episcopalian."

"Well," said I, as I shook the old man's hand, "if your ideas of an Episcopalian are correct, we are the largest denomination in the world."

Marriage of the Dead.

Such for All.

A strange custom prevails among a certain tribe in the Caucasus. When a single young man dies, someone calls upon the bereaved parents who have carried to the grave a marriageable daughter in the course of the year, and says:

"Your son is sure to want a wife; I'll give you my daughter and you shall deliver to me the marriage portion in return."

A friendly offer of this description is never rejected, and the two parties soon come to terms as to the amount of the dowry, which varies according to the advantages possessed by the girl in her lifetime. Cases have been known where the young man's father has given as much as thirty cows to secure a dead wife for his dead son.

HE WAS RAISED

From the Fearful Pit
and Miry Clay of
Disease.

Paine's Celery Compound Set
Him on the Rock of
Health.

Indigestion, Stomach Troubles,
Headache, Sleeplessness
and Anxiety.

The Great Spring Medicine Sweeps
Away These Troubles.

In almost every Canadian home, one or more members suffer from indigestion, dyspepsia, headache, nervousness or sleeplessness. In the great majority of cases the doctors have failed to effect a permanent cure, and the common patent medicines of our times have only prolonged suffering and agony.

How different the results with those who have used Paine's Celery Compound! They have in every case been raised to a condition of perfect health, robustness and mental vigor. Thousands of renewed and re-created men and women in Canada, will forever remember that their lives were saved and made happy by Paine's Celery Compound.

Mr. Hugh J. Riley of 42 Agnes street, St. Henry, Montreal, is one of the many who have given public testimony for the benefit of sufferers in Canada. Mr. Riley writes as follows: "I wish to publicly acknowledge the fact that I am indebted to your Paine's Celery Compound for health, strength and life. For over three years I was a terrible sufferer from indigestion, severe pains in the stomach and headache. In addition to these serious troubles, I had no appetite or relish for food, and hardly knew what it was to have a full night's rest. This condition of sleeplessness and anxiety made me very nervous, and I was fast becoming unfitted for my daily work. After all other medicines had failed, I was fortunately advised to use your Paine's Celery Compound; and now, I am delighted to declare that it has no equal in the world for removing such dangerous troubles as I suffered from. I am daily gaining in strength, sleep well every night, and my appetite is good and healthy. I strongly recommend Paine's Celery Compound to all who need a reliable and honest medicine, and one that is sure to cure."

STEAMSHIP SAILINGS.

ACROSS ATLANTIC

French Line—Havre direct.
Hamburg American Line—Hamburg.
Netherlands Line—New York-Rotterdam.
ECONOMICAL PASSAGES
American Line—Philadelphia-Liverpool.
Atlantic Transport Line—New York-London.
Dominion Line—Montreal-Liverpool.
Beaver Line—Montreal-Liverpool.
BARLOW CUMBERLAND
General Steamship and Tourist Agency

NORTH GERMAN LLOYD S.S. CO.

New York, Southampton (London, Havre, Paris) and Bremen.
Trave, 30 April, 9 a.m. Lahn, 21 May, 4 p.m.
Ems, 4 May, noon. Fulda, 25 May, 11 a.m.
Havel, 7 May, 9 a.m. Trave, 28 May, 9 a.m.
Saale, 14 May, 9 a.m. K. Wm. II., 4 June, 3 p.m.
Land at Southampton dock. No transfer. Direct connection to Havre and Paris. 8 hours to Berlin. Palatial equipment.
BARLOW CUMBERLAND AGENCY
73 Yonge Street, Toronto

AMERICAN LINE


NEW YORK-SOUTHAMPTON (London-Paris)
Paris, May 5, 11 a.m. St. Louis, June 5, 11 a.m.
Berlin, May 15, 11 a.m. New York, June 15, 11 a.m.
New York, May 25, 11 a.m. Paris, June 15, 11 a.m.
Fribland, May 29, noon. Fribland, June 20, noon.
St. Louis, May 26, 11 a.m.

RE-STAR LINE

NEW YORK-LIVERPOOL.
Noordland, May 8, noon. Westerland, June 5, noon.
Wesland, May 15, noon. Noordland, June 12, noon.
Fribland, May 22, noon. Westerland, June 19, noon.
Fribland, May 29, noon. Fribland, June 26, noon.
International Navigation Company
Pier 14, North River. Office, 6 Bowling Green, N. Y.
BARLOW CUMBERLAND, Agents
73 Yonge Street, Toronto

HEALTH FOR THE MOTHER-SEX

MILES' (CAN.) VEGETABLE COMPOUND



Mrs. E. SHIRLEY, Sherbrooke, Quebec, gives her experience as follows: "I have been repeatedly questioned by friends who knew of my long suffering from uterine troubles, as to how I came to be so entirely cured? I will now reply so that all women suffering as I did may read and have hope. I began using Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound, feeling little or no confidence in it. By the time I had finished one large bottle I became interested, thinking I was better. I used another and another and tried one package of the *Sensitive Wash* in connection, and found myself well almost before I knew it. I gratefully make this statement."

MILES' (CAN.) VEGETABLE COMPOUND can and will cure any case of Prolapsus Uteri, Leucorrhoea, Irregular and Painful Menstruation, inflammation of the Womb, Flooding, etc., speedily and without pain or embarrassment to the sufferer. It is a purely vegetable remedy and acts upon the Uterus by strengthening the Muscles of that organ, and by relieving the strain cures the pain.

Letters of enquiry from suffering women addressed to the "A. M. C." Medicine Co., 136 St. Lawrence Street, Montreal, marked, "personal," will be answered by a confidential lady clerk, and will not go beyond the hands and eyes of one of the "Mother Sex."

PRESENTATION OF ADDRESSES

DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY A. H. HOWARD & CO. 53 KING ST. EAST TORONTO

Dunn's Mustard

MADE ABSOLUTELY PURE FROM RICH FLAVOURED ENGLISH SEED SOLD IN 8c. and 10c. TINS.

Good Looking

people have good digestion. To maintain that, use ADAMS TUTTI FRUTTI. Refuse imitations. a10

HARRY MORGAN

OF THE Merchants' Restaurant, Jordan Street. Has pleasure in informing his friends and patrons that Commissionaire Coates now declares the walls of the McKinnon Building to be entirely free from danger. Entrance from Wellington Street.

H. STONE & SON

UNDERTAKERS 426 Yonge St. Telephone 931 Cor. Ann St.

WH. STONE & SON

UNDERTAKERS 349 YONGE ST. OPPOSITE ELMS. ALWAYS OPEN

J. YOUNG

THE LEADING UNDERTAKER 347 Yonge Street, Toronto TELEPHONE 675

FRANK J. ROSAR

UNDERTAKER Phone 5392 699 Queen St. West Formerly with F. ROSAR, King Street East.



NEW YORK, April 29.

This morning I dropped into Keppel's art gallery on 16th street, near Broadway, and found an exhibition of wood engravings by Gustav Krull. Very beautiful work it is, too, of an art that is fast falling into disuse. He seems, in addition to many pictures and illustrations, to have drawn nearly all the famous men and women of his own time and many of times past. Some of these are from paintings or drawings by others, but the best are his own work all through—Lowell, Oliver Wendell Holmes and others. Our critic says of Mr. Krull's work: "He is not a reproducer of brush marks, or of texture of thick or thin pigment, but he is the strongest engraver of the portrait in its highest and broadest sense we have." His own idea is that to give full expression to his work, an engraver must be first of all an artist in temperament. As we sauntered through, studying the engravings, a short, thickest man with fair hair and fair pointed beard came in and began an earnest conversation with the salesman, going the round of the pictures, pointing out a mistake in naming (Louisa Alcott had been called George Eliot), asking about sales and mentioning prices (big ones, too) received for various blocks. It was Krull himself.

It would be worse than useless to go into details about the exhibition at the National Academy of Design, the seventeenth annual it is, just a year ahead of our Royal Canadian Academy series; so a few comparisons and a little gossip. Impressionism has had its effect here, but there is scarcely an example of the full-blown kind, all scratches and blots and raw color. There are a few snow studies, as usual; Alden Weir has what is called Fuy n Winter, which gives the impression of a very dirty stretch of snow and a belt of distant trees; Twachtman's is just a stretch of snow and little else, but it looks like what it represents. After a close inspection it was borne in upon us that no brush had touched canvas here; the knife had done all. The Winter Brook, cold, sullen water, snow banks on either side lighted by brilliant patches of sunlight, by L. E. Van Gorder, was excellent. Not a few Canadian artists have studied for a longer or shorter time under Thomas Eakins, who exhibits two full-length portraits, one of John McLure Hamilton in easy pose, with hands behind and head slightly raised. The other is the Singer. It makes one think how long that poor woman has had her mouth open and how her jaw must ache. The frame is worthy of note, for frames play no unimportant part in pictures. On the border a bar of music is let in, in a fashion—a very unique idea. It goes without saying that the work in both portraits is strong, but it somehow never touches one. No one would expect to see the picture of a young woman in widow's weeds holding a very small baby, answering to the title of The Widow's Mite. The title is the most remarkable thing about the picture. Of the nude there are very few examples. Carol Beckwith's Sleep is a woman lying in some drapery of deep blue, whose flesh is beautiful in coloring and modeling. The title is only an excuse. Worse still, with no excuse whatever, in lovely flesh tones, is Mother and Children. The mother is seated facing you; one girl stands beside her in profile and a younger, about eight probably, stands leaning slightly against the mother, absolutely nude, for what reason is inexplicable. Very different is the case with The Bacchantes, by R. V. V. Sewell. Down a hillside troop a number of dancing figures with flying, gauzy drapery, (what there is of it) playing their tambourines. The whole is full of life and motion. Here, again, the frame is specially adapted to the picture, in green and bronze gold, with a design of looped ribbon over the upper part and down the sides. J. G. Brown's street gamins will always find admirers. This time it is called The Gang, a crowd with rather clean faces, each smoothly painted and carefully finished, yet with much of the character of the original, some shouting, most on mischief bent, but evidently not all with one end in view. Here is A Portrait, a la poster, in flat solid colors, fortunately small. A little landscape of Mrs. G. A. Reid's came on us as a pleasant surprise and seemed an old friend, also two studies of roses. A delightful piece of solid painting and pleasing composition is called New Acquaintances; a good-sized baby leans on a table with head forward to see a rabbit, which reaches to meet it; four other children and a grandma complete the group; a strong light from the window falls on all and centers the attention on the two principals, so you feel the heads move as they almost touch. Two most absurd things are by William H. Board. In one, a miscellaneous class of animals, dog, pig, rabbit, cat, with the most expressive faces, give attention to the excited monkey teacher, who has just found the bent pin. In the other, a bear with a very large melon is about to enter a yard where his four brothers in anticipatory attitudes await him, but his selfish mother explains the title, Gwine To Eat It All Myself. Of portraits there are a large number scattered throughout. William Chas. always attracts one through their strong workmanship and oftentimes eccentric posing. Bononi Irwin's Portrait Study of a splendid bronze-haired girl who looks up at you, frowning as she slightly bends her head, with various violet shades in her gown, is an unusually interesting thing. You go back to it and you are not sure whether the girl or the work attracts most. Venice is here, as usual, whether given by Stephen Parrish in his broad, matter-of-fact way, or by Thomas Moran in glowing color of sail and sky and water. The prize awarders would no doubt feel encouraged to learn of our approval in their choice, each prize-winner a thing apart in its way. Edith Mitchell's Legend is not very comprehensible; two knights devoutly watching a female figure with streaming hair at a wayside cross. The

greens are treated delightfully in a loose method, in restful shades, and with good drawing and firm grasp of the subject. A Misty Day, Connecticut, by Edward Barnard, has been awarded the Jordan prize. Of the work we really admire most, the landscapes one would wish to look at every day, the pictures one would like to possess, I have said little. To describe them would convey little of their beauties, to mention artists' names would be to give a meaningless list.

LYNN C. DOYLE.

The closing of the Royal Canadian Academy of Arts exhibition this week marks the most important art event in Canadian history. The attendance, though not large, was, as it should be, (to use a concert hall phrase), an appreciative audience, and no one who visited that exhibition will ever forget the many important pictures there on view. The claims for recognition were fairly divided amongst those artists whose works possessed something more than a photographic result, and there were pictures on view that would appeal to the noblest emotions in our being. The composition of a picture, apart from its subject or its artistic treatment, appeals to our finer sensibilities in strict ratio to the interest manifested on the part of the artist in the production of the picture, as well as the spirit in which the subject was conceived and the work completed. The effort to discern such pictures is not attended with any great labor. The pictures of this class were no more perfect than those lacking this abstract quality, and whose obtrusiveness was too apparent. Whatever terms may be employed to express the power with which such pictures hold the attention, interest or attachment, will serve for the present in designating them. The landscapes of Homer Watson possess this quality. Nature's sad and dreary moods have been his theme, and not the depicting of Tom Jones's barn or the potato patch of Emerson Smith. The negative in art is greater than the positive. The one appeals to the mind, the emotions; the other to the eye. Mr. Grier's Beret and Mr. Sherwood's Tired Out possess the two qualities in different degrees, yet in each the spirit of the theme claims greatest attention. In the story told the interest only is centered in the attachment which is felt in the presence of such conditions in everyday life. The one sends the memory back to the mishaps of rural life. A little girl stooping to a lambkin in her hand over the dead ewe, Beret, the other, an everyday scene in the neglected and outcast life of the city wail. Two little boys, worn out with the toils of their weary life, clasped in childlike embrace are asleep in the noon-day light. There are other pictures which are different in intention, but which possess this same quality of negative power. In Mr. Cruikshank's Drawing Sand the men are engaged upon the accomplishment of the heavy work, of which two span of horses are in the act of dragging out a large load of sand from the pit. The landscape, good or bad, is only incidental. The painting of the wild shrubbery is subordinate to the central thought of the work. St. John's Harbor possesses also this two-fold quality: in the warm sun the sea mists float as it were with the moving boats, and the cloud-forms, after much close scrutiny, unroll themselves and become distinct. They show that the painter is no mere adventurer in the marine department of art. They are painted by John Hammond of St. John, New Brunswick. Mr. L. R. O'Brien also contributes a good marine picture, a bark, with well set sails, floating in the hazy light of the afternoon. Mr. Pinney of Montreal and Mr. Carl Ahrens of Doon are each representative of this fine vein of poetic rendering. Mr. R. Harris has this quality in some of his smaller pictures, but his larger work is often severely realistic. There is a small head by Miss Tully in which the range of warm gray tones are well felt. This is also apparent in Miss Ford's portrait of herself; in her other works there is a sad want of this inexpressible quality which constitutes the finer element in art. There are many other pictures which have almost attained to this realization, but the positive or photographic attainment seems to

have been the aim of most of the artists, and all interest lags upon continued observation of their work.

Mr. E. Wylie Grier's portrait of Hon. Edward Blake, a pen and ink reproduction of which appeared in this paper some time ago, has been hung in the English Royal Academy.

The item last week stating that Mr. Brownell was the "only associate elected member" of the R.C.A., was evidently misread by some. Having been an associate he was exalted into full membership. It may be added that five artists were made associates, Miss Ford, Miss Muntz, Miss Holden, Miss Spurr and Mr. Hope.

Mr. J. S. Gordon of Hamilton is about to leave for Paris, where he will study for the next two or three years. Before going he was induced to give an exhibition, along with three or four other Hamilton artists, in the rooms of the Canadian Club. The exhibit is principally in water color and black and white, and I am told is one of the best yet held in Hamilton. Among those, other than Mr. Gordon, who contribute, are Miss C. E. Galbreath, Mr. R. S. Allan, Stark Gordon, A. H. H. Heming and Miss S. L. Wright.

Mr. Paul G. Wickson, the well known horse painter, member of the O.S.A., is returning home on the City of New York from London, where he has spent the winter months. Some of his sketches of horses have appeared in the English art publications during the winter.

Among the pieces at the Royal Canadian Academy exhibition which grew upon one after the first visit, I desire to mention Nos. 17, 18 and 19, water colors by Forshaw Day of Kingston, No. 17 being specially pleasing. Mr. L. R. O'Brien's work also seems to take on new charms the oftener seen.

Though the fame of the late George Inness as an artist is probably unsurpassed, and by many thought to be unrivaled by that of any other American artist, it was only within the last ten years of his life that he had attained sufficient pecuniary success to free him from care. His freedom began when Roswell Smith purchased his Niagara for five thousand dollars. During the last few years he was able to dispose of all his pictures at studio prices, and in many cases the purchaser was able to realize at auction afterward far more than the studio price. Thus his Grove of Oaks was sold for two hundred dollars and soon after brought one thousand five hundred dollars; another picture which he sold for two hundred dollars afterward brought from Mr. Seney an offer of two thousand five hundred dollars, and this offer was refused by the possessor.

Doubtless many of our readers will remember the story of how Hogarth painted Fielding's portrait. We are told that the painter tried in vain to persuade the author of Tom Jones to sit for him, and that Hogarth was unable to paint the face from memory. Mentioning this fact one day to Garrick, the great actor suddenly said: "Is this like?" So like to Fielding's was the face which Garrick made up, that Hogarth seized his pencil and drew the portrait of the novelist which he has given to posterity. Now the French have an anecdote about the painting of the portrait of Villele, on all fours with the above. Coulon, who united the offices of court-jester and physician to Louis XVIII., was famed for his powers of mimicry. One day when Gros, the artist, was complaining that no portrait existed which did justice to Villele, Coulon answered: "None shows the profound nobility of his character and his evanescent expression." While he spoke, the words seemed to come from Villele himself, so like had the doctor grown to the minister. Gros hastily sketched and then painted Coulon's transformed face, producing the best sketch of the French statesman which we believe exists.

Quick Work.

On February 27 the office and entire plant of the Folding Sawing Machine Company of Chicago was destroyed in the great fire on the West Side, which involved a total loss to manufacturing interests of \$750,000. Notwithstanding the fact that it was necessary for above mentioned company to have malleable castings made, which usually takes about four weeks, this company, with commendable enterprise, shaped matters so they were able to fill orders in just twenty-one days from the date of the fire. This was certainly quick work, and the gentlemen connected with this company deserve a great deal of credit for their energy and push. Their new address is Folding Sawing Machine Company, 64 and 66 So. Clinton street, Chicago.

"Excuse me, madam," said the paying teller, "but you have not endorsed this cheque. If you will write your name on the back of it, it will be all right." "Oh, of course," said the little woman. "I had forgotten." Then she endorsed the cheque; "Sincerely yours, Janette Hickworthy."

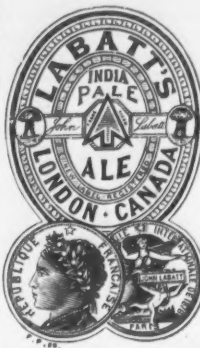
Keep the Secret from Your Wife

That you were in love with another girl before you met her, for that leaves a rankling wound. Secrets are generally dangerous things, but in the case of Rigby the effects of a secret are wholly beneficial. You never see the old rubber waterproof now. It is gone to the limbo of all despised, useless things. Most of the new substitutes, too, appear to have folded their tents like the Arabs and silently stolen away. Rigby Porous Waterproofs remain triumphantly in the field. The best, the best waterproofing; the porosity of the cloth unimpaired. Result: a handsome overcoat for the spring; a perfect rainproof garment for the wet day. To the eye, a tweed overcoat; to the experience, a defier of the heaviest torrent. Rigby is what you will ask for.

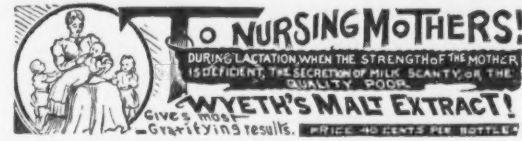
Alkali Bill—Hear you run up again a green-goods man in New York. How much did he get off you? Sagebrush Sam—How much did he get? I made ten dollars on the deal. They was a ten-dollar bill on top of the pile of brown paper he traded me for three hundred dollars' worth of shares in that mine of ours.

The Captain Moves.

Capt. R. M. Melville has removed his ticket office from his old stand, 34 Adelaide street east, across the street to the south-west corner of Toronto and Adelaide streets, opposite the post office. Here the leading lines of ocean steamships are represented as well as the local steamers. The new offices are handsomely fitted for the accommodation of the traveling public.



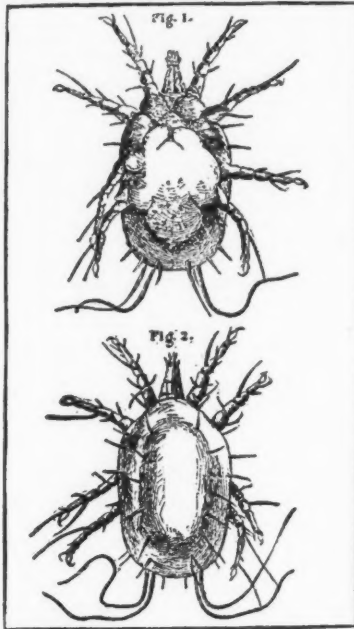
TEN
GOLD, SILVER and
BRONZE MEDALS
AND
ELEVEN DIPLOMAS
The most wholesome of beverages.
Always the same—sound and palatable.
JAMES GOOD & CO.
AGENTS
Cor. Yonge and Albert Sts., Toronto



What are Raw Sugars?

Professor Cameron, Public Analyst of the city of Dublin, who has examined samples of raw sugar, states that they contained great numbers of disgusting insects, which produce a disgusting disease. Their shape is very accurately shown in the accompanying figures, magnified two hundred diameters. Fig. 1 is the under side and Fig. 2 is the upper side. His description is as follows: "The *Acarus sacchari* is a formidably organized, exceedingly lively, and decidedly ugly little animal. From its oval-shaped body stretches forth a proboscis terminating in a kind of scissors, with which it seizes upon its food. Its organs of locomotion consist of eight legs, each jointed and furnished at its extremity with a hook. In the sugar, its movements from one place to another are necessarily very slow, but when placed on a perfectly clean and dry surface, it moves along with great rapidity."

SUGAR INSECT.
"Acarus Sacchari."
FOUND IN RAW SUGAR.



Drawn from life from insects found in grocery Mauritius sugar. By Smith, Beck & Book. Microscopists, London.

He adds that "the number of *Acarus* found in raw sugar is sometimes exceedingly great, and in no instance is the article quite free from either the insects or their eggs. Muscovado, as it comes from the colonies, should never be used."

He further says: "The *Acarus sacchari* do not occur in Refined Sugar of any quality, because they cannot pass through the charcoal filters of the refinery, and because Refined Sugar does not contain any nitrogenous substance upon which they could feed."

Both Players Drew Well.

New York World.
"Stories of marvelous poker hands are innumerable," said a sporting friend to me yesterday, "and the majority of them I have always put down as inventions. But I am converted through my experience in a recent quiet little game, and am now ready to believe anything in that line. I had been playing in hard luck and was getting reckless. When a jack pot was opened for a tidy little sum I hadn't a pair, but went in, holding the eight and ten of diamonds. The opener drew one card. I

PEACE OF MIND AND BODY

Rev. A. O. WATIS, Inverness, Megantic Co., P. Q.

"I look upon it as my duty to my fellow sufferers who are troubled so severely in their peace of mind and body because of a disordered stomach, to recommend the use of K. D. C., which is properly termed the King of Dyspepsia Cures."

"I have been using your K. D. C. for some time; it has greatly helped me. I have recommended it to many who have been benefited by it."

PLEASE NOTE

THAT THE LETTERS
PUBLISHED IN THE INTERESTS
OF K. D. C. ARE FROM THE
PROMINENT MEN OF THE LAND
AND ARE CONVINCING PROOF
OF ITS

GREAT MERITS

nearly fainted when I found I had drawn the nine, jack and queen of diamonds, giving me a straight flush. As it afterward developed, the opener held three kings and an ace, and had drawn one card as a bluff. Strange to say, he caught the fourth king. There was some lively betting for a time, and I won back all I had lost and a neat surplus besides."

The London office of the Remington Standard Typewriter has obtained by Royal Warrant the appointment of Typewriter Makers to Her Majesty Queen Victoria. By virtue of this appointment as contractors to Her Majesty's Government they have been entitled to use the Royal Coat-of-arms for some time past.

Butler—Master is in 'is room, sir, and miss is in 'er room. Mr. Chawles is in the smoking-room and the young ladies are in the morning-room. I'll sure I can't say where the governor is— Family Doctor—Dear me! Let me see! Whom shall I begin with? Butler—Well, I'll not feeling very well myself, sir.

The Wabash Railroad

Is acknowledged by travelers to be the best line to Chicago; shortest and quickest route to Kansas City, Texas, Mexico, California and all south-western points. All trains are superbly equipped with the finest sleeping and chair cars in America. Now is the time to take a trip to Hot Springs, the Carlsbad of America. Their efficacy in curing diseases has been known to the civilized world for generations, and people of all nations have gone thither in successful search of health. Pamphlets, time tables and full particulars from any railroad agent, or J. A. Richardson, Canadian passenger agent, north-east corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

He Was Glad.

Little Boy—That ink that papa writes with isn't indelible ink, is it?
Mother—No.
"I'm glad of that."
"Why?"
"I've spilt it all over the carpet."

Short Journeys on a Long Road

Is the characteristic title of a profusely illustrated book containing over one hundred pages of charmingly written descriptions of summer resorts in the country north and west of Chicago. The reading matter is new, the illustrations are new, and the information therein will be new to almost everyone. A copy of Short Journeys on a Long Road will be sent free to anyone who will enclose ten cents (to pay postage) to Geo. H. Heafford, general passenger agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Chicago, Ill.

The debutante (aside)—How many verses shall I sing? The professor—Do you want an encore? The debutante—Of course. The professor—One.

"A GOOD THING PUSH IT ALONG"

BROWN'S SPECIAL SCOTCH
(3 Star)
Sole at McKim & Co's, J. G. Moyle, Lockhart & Co's, G. W. Cooley, F. Giles, T. H. George and D. Kirkpatrick's.
H. CORRY, Agent

TURKISH BATHS

204 King Street West - - Toronto

These Baths are open all night with sleeping accommodations for each bath. Greatest cure for Rheumatism, Cold, Cough, Lumbago, Gout, Kidney and Liver Complaints and Inflammation. Chiropodist always in attendance. Phone 1286.

HOWARTH'S CARMINATIVE

This medicine is superior to all others for Wind, Cramp and Pain in the Stomach and Bowels of Infants, occasioned by teething or other ailments. It will give baby sound, healthy sleep and rest, also quiet nights to mothers and nurses. Guaranteed perfectly harmless. Extensively used for the last forty years. Testimonials on application.

Trial Bottles, 10c. Large Bottles, 25c. None genuine without bearing name and address of S. HOWARTH, DRUGGIST, 243 Yonge Street, Toronto

B. LINDMAN, owner of the Wilkinson Trust, the only trust that will cure RHEUMATISM permanently, has his offices in the Rossin House Block, Toronto. Those wearing T-ruses, and also physicians, are invited to examine this great boon for the ruptured.

TORONTO CARPET CLEANING CO.

Office and Works—44 LOMBARD STREET. Telephone 2585. Carpets taken up, Cleaned, Re-laid, or Made Over. New Carpets Sewed and Laid. Feather and Mattresses Renovated. Furniture Repaired.

JEFFERY & HUGHES.
JAMES' CLEANING AND DYEING
WORKS, 125 Richmond Street W. Gentlemen's Suits, Overcoats, etc., cleaned, dyed and repaired. Ladies' Dresses, Jackets, Shawls, Gloves, Feathers, etc., cleaned or dyed with care; also Lace Curtains, Piano Covers, Damasks, Rugs, etc. Grapes renewed. Feathers cleaned and dyed. Kid Gloves cleaned. Ladies' Dress Goods cleaned or dyed. All orders promptly executed. Telephone 555.

Dry Kindling Wood

Delivered any address, 6 cords \$1.00; 12 cords \$2.00. A cord 1 1/2 cords as much as a barrel.
HARVEY & CO., 20 Sheppard Street
Telephone 1870 or send Post Card.

Music.

An audience of nearly three thousand people assembled in Massey Music Hall on Friday evening of last week on the occasion of the Toronto debut of Miss Ellen Beach Yaw, the young American soprano, concerning whose phenomenal range of voice so much has been written during the past few years. One is pleased to be able to record the fact that the fair young singer scored a pronounced success, notwithstanding a general feeling of doubt before the concert as to the artistic genuineness of her work musically and a very prevalent impression that beyond the novelty of the extraordinary compass of her voice, upon which her fame was understood to rest almost entirely, her performances were not expected to be of any special significance. Her voice might be described as of excellent quality, rather light in timbre, but admirably expressive and even and clear throughout its entire range. Combined with these features Miss Yaw possesses a remarkably facile execution, of which several wonderful examples were given during the evening, particularly in such compositions as Auber's Laughing Song, Proch's Theme and Variations, Albieff's The Russian Nightingale, and Celli's L'Eco. In songs within the ordinary range of a soprano voice the gifted young singer was not so successful. The Ave Maria from Mascagni's Cavalleria Rusticana was perhaps her least satisfactory effort, being somewhat faulty in intonation and otherwise below the standard of her work during the early part of the evening. Miss Yaw has a most charming stage presence and a simple and unaffected manner which at once appealed to all present. That she won an indisputable triumph is all the more to her credit, since the audience to a large extent was undoubtedly predisposed to criticize harshly any possible failure on her part outside the sphere of her wonderful compass. Numerous, and in one instance a double encore, testified to the delight of the large audience who had assembled to hear her. Miss Yaw was assisted by Miss Lay, solo pianist, and Mr. Maximilian Dick, solo violinist. Miss Lay displayed a brilliant technique, a very musical tone and a thoroughly artistic temperament in her several solos. Mr. Dick was heartily applauded in his violin solos, which were played in excellent style. The concert throughout proved one of the most enjoyable events of the present season, and the very large attendance was a fitting reward to the energetic local impresario, Mr. H. M. Hirschberg, under whose management Miss Yaw appeared here.

The Toronto Vocal Club, Mr. W. J. McNally conductor, gave their second concert of this season in Association Hall on Thursday evening of last week. The programme of choruses was well selected and included a number of part-songs and Gounod's effective six-part anthem, Come Unto Him. These were all rendered in the same excellent style which has characterized the work of the society in previous concerts and which is establishing it as one of the most popular of our local organizations, particularly in the western part of the city, from which section, I believe, most of its members are recruited. The Club was assisted by Miss Besse Bonnell, contralto, of the Music Concert Co.; Miss Annie Louise White, the well known elocutionist, and Mr. Paul Hahn, the rising young 'cellist and pupil of Mr. Rudolf Ruth. The soloists were all uniformly successful and strengthened the good impression which had been formed of them in previous appearances here. Mr. McNally is entitled to much praise for his conscientious work in producing the admirable results shown by the Toronto Vocal Club since its establishment. Both conductor and members have every reason to feel encouraged at what has been accomplished, and may reasonably enter upon next season's work with every prospect of continued success.

A very interesting and successful violin recital by pupils of Mrs. Drechsler-Adamson was given in the theater of the Normal School on Thursday evening of last week. There was a large attendance and the programme, as carried out, gave the greatest satisfaction to all present. Among the soloists special mention might perhaps be made of Miss Louie Fulton and Master Frank Blachford. The former played Viottentempo's Air Varié in an excellent manner, while the latter secured somewhat of an ovation on his remarkably clever performance of De Beriot's first Concerto. Miss Stonier also created a very favorable impression in her solo. Two double quartettes, and a quartette by four children under nine years of age, lent variety and considerable additional interest to a well arranged and admirably carried out programme. Miss Ida McLean, soprano (pupil of Mr. T. C. Jeffers), sang several solos in a charming manner. This young lady is the happy possessor of a voice of exceptionally fine quality which, moreover, shows excellent cultivation. Her phrasing, clear articulation, intonation and general style give much promise for the future. She scored a well deserved triumph on this occasion such as is seldom won by local talent, receiving encores and repeated recalls after each selection.

Gilmore's splendid band appeared at Massey Hall on Monday and Tuesday last in three concerts, all of which were attended by large and most enthusiastic audiences. Under the direction of the new leader of the organization, Mr. Victor Herbert, the reputation of the "great band in the world" would seem to be in safe hands. The same noble quality of tone which has always been noticed in this fine organization was again constantly in evidence on this occasion. Nor had the band lost anything in precision of attack or the details of a finished ensemble, which, under the late Mr. Gilmore, established a reputation for the body of men bearing his name which

extended far beyond the borders of this continent. Mr. Herbert Clarke, the celebrated cornetist, was accorded a great ovation both in his solo numbers and on the performance by the band of the Canadian Patrol, a very clever arrangement of patriotic airs and familiar regimental march themes. Space will not permit me to enter into detailed notice of the programmes performed by the band or of the contributions of the talented soloists accompanying the organization in its tour through the country. The soloists, it should be mentioned, were: Mme. Natalie, soprano; Mr. Herbert Clarke, cornetist; Ernest H. Clarke, trombone; Miss Frieda Simonson, pianist; Mr. Aldis J. Gery, auto-harp, and Mr. Victor Herbert, 'cellist. All of these artists were most enthusiastically received and invariably encores. Miss Frieda Simonson, the child pianist, created quite a sensation through her remarkably clever performances, playing with the technique of a virtuoso and a conception quite remarkable for one of her years. The exceedingly good impression left by the band under Mr. Herbert's direction will ensure a warm reception for this admirable aggregation of players whenever they choose to appear in this city.

Herr Heinrich Klingensfeld, the well known local violinist, spent the past week in New York, arranging for the publication of his new Violin School (Methode Elementaire). Whilst in New York the eminent Belgian violinist, Ysaie, examined the work and subsequently forwarded to Herr Klingensfeld the following flattering letter regarding it:

HOTEL MARTIN,
NEW YORK, April 21, 1895.
A Monsieur H. Klingensfeld:
MONSIEUR CLERGE—I have read your violin school (Methode Elementaire) with the greatest interest and find it well worked out, finely graded and full of interesting things, undeniably the result of great experience. Believe me, I am not exaggerating when I tell you that it should be recommended to all, and when necessary I will use it myself. Allow me to congratulate you upon the production of this fine work of art, and herewith I send you my most affectionate salutations.
Yours,
E. YSAIE.

The annual concert of the Metropolitan Orchestra, Mr. Arthur Hewitt conductor, was held in the lecture-room of the Metropolitan church on Monday evening last. This orchestra, which is one of the most efficient amateur organizations of its kind in the city, has been in existence for a number of years. On this occasion Mr. Hewitt chose for his forces such compositions as Poet and Peasant overture, Suppe, and several others of a popular character. These were played in excellent style and were warmly applauded. Assistance was ably rendered by Mr. A. L. E. Davies, basso; Miss Westman, soprano; Miss Lillian Adamson, elocutionist; Signor Napolitano, violinist, and Mr. J. M. Sherlock, tenor.

The eighth and last organ recital of Mr. W. E. Fairclough's third series will be given this afternoon at All Saints' church at four o'clock. Mr. Fairclough's programme includes Mendelssohn's First Sonata, Bach's great G minor Fugue, a Concert Piece (op. 24) by Gullmunt, Bennett's Barcarolle from the Fourth Piano Concerto, and other compositions by S. Saens, Paine and Haydn. Dr. C. E. Saunders, vocalist, will assist.

Messrs. Warren & Son recently erected a fine new pipe organ for the First Presbyterian church, Chatham, and have since been the recipients of numerous letters expressive of highest praise concerning the excellence of the work of the firm as illustrated in the organ mentioned. Mr. Charles G. Moore, organist Detroit Central Presbyterian church, who presided at the opening, writes Messrs. Warren & Son as follows:

"I wish to congratulate you upon your success in carrying out my specifications for the organ just built for First Presbyterian church, Chatham. I examined the work done by your firm and found it to be very thorough and conscientious. My recital last evening was a great pleasure to me because the organ responded in the most satisfactory manner to every demand made upon its rich resources. The delicious, full tone of the organ was very much admired. The case was a delightful surprise in its simplicity and artistic effect.
Very truly yours,
CHAS. G. MOORE.

93 Washington avenue,
Detroit.

The annual song recital of Miss Denzli's pupils was given on Monday evening last in the Conservatory Music Hall before a large and cultured audience. The programme included a number of solos, a trio, and Oliver King's cantata Prosperina, for ladies' voices. The very excellent work done by Miss Denzli's pupils, whether in solo or the concerted numbers of the cantata, reflected most creditably upon that lady's ability and care as a teacher. Several very effective piano and violin solos were played during the evening by pupils and teachers of the Conservatory.

The residence of Mr. George S. Sars, Pembroke street, was on Thursday evening of last week the scene of one of the most successful impromptu musicales ever given in this city. Among the prominent professional and amateur musicians present might be mentioned: Miss Gurney, Miss Paterson, Miss Helmer, Madame D'Auria, Miss Heinrich, and Messrs. Edward Fisher, H. M. Field, J. D. A. Tripp, W. O. Forsyth, Rudolf Ruth, A. S. Vogt, Paul Hahn, F. Wagner, and the guest of the evening, Mr. Robert Harvey, organist of St. Andrew's church, Kingston.

A very large subscription list has been secured for the Nordica-Aus der Ohe concert in Massey Music Hall on Friday evening next. These world-renowned artists should be accorded such a reception as their high standing entitles them to. I confidently anticipate, in view of the exceedingly reasonable prices advertised, that Toronto will show its appreciation of Manager Suckling's enterprise and good judgment by filling the immense hall to overflowing on the occasion of this concert.

A concert recital was given in St. George's Hall on Monday evening last under the patronage of the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick. The recital, which was conducted by Mr. J. Trew Gray, vocalist, introduced besides Mr. Gray himself, the following artists: Mrs. Marguerite Trew Gray, soprano; Miss Jennie

Houston, elocutionist, and Mr. Frank Deane, pianist. Considerable interest centered in this recital, it having marked the first professional appearance before a Toronto audience of Mr. and Mrs. Gray. The hearty reception accorded both these artists may be taken as an indication of the very satisfactory character of their vocal work throughout the entertainment. The audience was very enthusiastic and encores were the order of the evening. Miss Houston and Mr. Deane were accorded warm receptions in their respective numbers, and the concert, as a whole, passed off very successfully.

A very successful pianoforte recital was given at the Metropolitan College of Music on Tuesday evening last by Miss Ruby Preston, Mus. Bac., a pupil of Mr. W. O. Forsyth. Miss Preston is developing a technique and artistic style which are rapidly placing her in the front rank among our local solo pianists. Her programme on this occasion included numbers by Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, Schubert-Liszt, Schumann, Liszt, Grieg and Moszkowski. In the interpretation of these numbers Miss Preston evinced a keen musical intelligence throughout. The beauty of her phrasing, clearness and evenness of her scale work, brilliancy of her octave playing and general repose were features which at once attracted attention and won the most enthusiastic applause of all present. A violin solo by Herr Heinrich Klingensfeld and a recitation by Miss Lauretta Bowes completed the programme.

Miss Hilary's Ladies' Choral Club will give their annual concert on May 20 in St. George's Hall. The programme will consist of a number of well chosen part-songs and several solos by assisting artists, among whom might be mentioned the clever young violinist, Miss Grassick. The usual collection, in aid of some local charity, will be taken up.

A very successful concert was given on Tuesday evening in Berkeley street Methodist church under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid Society. The programme, which was a very pleasing one, was contributed by the following artists: Miss Gertie Black, contralto; Miss Walsley, violinist; Miss Marion Scoley, elocutionist; Miss Mabel Wilkinson, piano soloist; Mr. W. A. Putland, tenor; Mr. W. N. Shaver, baritone; and the Harmonic Male Quartette (Messrs. Theaker, Sims, Bascy and Howitt). Mrs. W. N. Shaver acted as accompanist. MODERATO.

INCORPORATED TORONTO HON. S. W. ALLAN
1886
PRESIDENT

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC
Yonge St. and Wilton Ave.
EDWARD FISHER, Musical Director
Special Summer Normal Session July 2 to August 3, 1895
60 LECTURES AND CLASS LESSONS
Designed for music teachers, advanced music students and others.

H. N. SHAW, B.A., Prin. ELOCUTION SCHOOL
Summer Session for teachers, public readers, clergy, men, speakers, etc.
Conservatory Calendar and Summer School Prospectus sent free

GRAND CONCERT RECITAL—St. George's Hall, Elm Street, MONDAY, APRIL 22, 1895, at 8 p.m., under the distinguished patronage of His Honor the Lieut.-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mr. Alexander Cameron and others.
ARTISTS—Mrs. Marguerite Trew-Gray, Miss Jennie Houston, Mr. J. Trew Gray, Mr. Frank Deane.
Tickets at Nordheimer's. Admission 50c.

MR. H. M. FIELD, Piano Virtuoso
Pupil of Prof. Martin Krause, Master von Bülow and Reinecke, solo pianist Albert Hall, concertos; Richard Strauss, conductor, Leipzig; pianist of the Seldi orchestra tour in Canada, 1892; by invitation of Theodore Thomas, representative Canadian solo pianist at the World's Fair, Chicago. Concert engagements and pupils accepted.
Address—105 Gloucester Street, or Toronto College of Music

MR. J. D. A. TRIPP
Concert Pianist and Teacher of Piano
Conductor Toronto Male Chorus Club
Only Canadian pupil of Moszkowski, Berlin, Germany.
Toronto Conservatory of Music, Rolleston House, and Studio—Room 14, Odell's Building, cor. Yonge and College Streets, Toronto.

GIUSEPPE DINELLI
Violoncello Soloist and Accompanist
TEACHER OF
PIANO, VIOLIN AND CELLO
At Conservatory of Music.
94 Gerrard Street East

MRS. MARIE KLINGENFELD
Mezzo Soprano
MR. H. KLINGENFELD
Concert Violoncello
CONCERT ENGAGEMENTS, RECITALS
Pupils received in Violin, Voice Culture, Piano and Theory, at Nordheimer's (Room 3) or 866 Sherbourne St.

W. H. HEWLETT, Organist and Choir-leader
Master Carlton Street Methodist Church.
Teacher of Piano and Organ
Address—74 Hazelton Ave., or Toronto Conservatory of Music.

J. CHURCHILL ARLIDGE, Solo Flutist
1st. Teacher of Flute and Piano at the Metropolitan College of Music. Accepts concert engagements and pupils.
AYON-BANK, Humber Bay, Ont.

MR. A. S. VOGT
Organist and Choirmaster Jarvis Street Baptist Church
Conductor Mandelston Choir of Toronto. Teacher of Piano at Toronto Conservatory of Music, Dufferin House and Moulton College. Organ pupils also accepted at the Conservatory of Music. Residence, 64 Pembroke St.

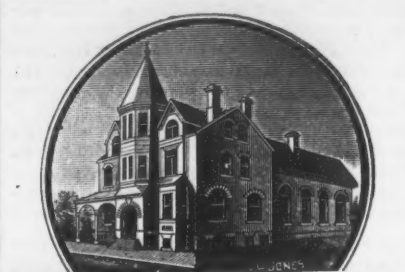
W. J. McNALLY
Organist and Choirmaster Beverley Street Baptist Church.
Musical Director Toronto Vocal Club.
Teacher of Piano at the Toronto College of Music.
Residence—33 Sussex Avenue

DONALD HERALD, A.T.C.M.
Teacher of Piano.
271 Jarvis Street. Toronto Conservatory of Music.

MR. CHARLES E. MUSGRAVE
PIANIST
Open for engagements for Concert, Balls, Engagements, Parties, etc.
83 Nassau Street, Toronto
Or, Whaley, Royce & Co., 155 Yonge Street

MISS CLARA E. ROTHWELL
SOPRANO
Soprano soloist Trinity Methodist Quartette.
Concert engagements accepted.
For terms apply—49 Madison Avenue.

MR. GEO. BRAME'S Vocal Classes
for the study of Night Singing, Part Singing and Theory, every Monday and Tuesday evening. Terms by letter, care R. S. Williams & Son, 145 Yonge Street.



TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC (In affiliation with the University of Toronto, Pembroke St., Toronto.
Patrons—The Gov. General of Canada and Lady Aberdeen. Thorough musical education in all branches. F. H. TORRISTON, Musical Director. GEORGE GOODBURN, Pres.

MR. W. O. FORSYTH (Of Leipzig and Vienna). Teacher of Piano and Composition. Pupil of Prof. M. Krause, Prof. Epstein and Dr. Prof. S. Jadaschke. Pupils are expected to study conscientiously and with seriousness. Modern methods. Address—Toronto Conservatory of Music, or 113 College St., Toronto. Studio for private lessons, Room 2, Messrs. A. & S. Nordheimer's, 15 King Street East. Studio reception hours, Mondays from 4 to 5.

MISS DALLAS, Mus. Bac., F.T.C.M.
PIANO AND ORGAN
Toronto Conservatory of Music, or 99 Bloor St. West

MISS MINNIE TOPPING
Pupil of H. M. Field. Concert Pianist
Piano and concert engagements accepted. Address—113 College Street, or Metropolitan College of Music.

MRS. DRECHSLER-ADAMSON
Violoncello, Conductor of Toronto Ladies' String Orchestra, will receive pupils at her residence, 67 Bloor Street East

MDME. STUTTFORD, Pupil of the late Signor Labache, who taught Her Majesty Queen Victoria vocalisation. Gives thorough instruction in Voice Culture, Singing, Style and Breathing, Italian method. Address—125 Church St., Toronto. Terms moderate.

MISS H. M. MARTIN, Vocal and Piano Teacher. Certified vocal teacher of Toronto College of Music. Piano pupil of Mr. Field; vocal pupil of W. Elliott Healey and Miss Reynolds. Miss H. MARTIN, 45 Wellesley Street, or Metropolitan College of Music.

HELEN M. MOORE, Mus. Bac.
PIANO AND THEORY
Experienced in preparing students for the Toronto University examinations in music.
Piano pupil of H. M. Field. Address—270 Jarvis Street, or Toronto College of Music.

J. W. F. HARRISON
Organist and Choirmaster St. Simon's Church. Musical Director of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby. Teacher of Piano and Organ at Toronto Conservatory of Music, Bishop Strachan School, Miss Yessie's School.
13 Dunbar Road. Reside

LYNN W. WATKINS
303 CHURCH STREET
Thorough instruction on Banjo, Guitar, Mandolin and Zither. Teacher of the Guitar at the Conservatory of Music

ARTHUR BLAKELEY
Organist Sherbourne Street Methodist Church
Piano, Organ and Musical Theory
46 Phoebe Street

STAMMERING—CHURCH'S AUTO-VOCE METHOD, 53 Alexander St., Toronto, Canada. No advance fee. Cure guaranteed. Stammering 14 English, German and French permanently cured.

MISS NORMA REYNOLDS, F.T.C.M.
Professor of Singing Toronto College of Music, Conductor of the Toronto University Ladies' Glee Club and the College Ladies' Vocal Club. Voice production and Italian method of singing taught. Concert repertoire formed. Organist, Church and Concert engagements accepted. Toronto College of Music and 86 Major

WALTER H. ROBINSON
Singing Master and Conductor
Gives instruction in Voice Production
Pupils secured for City of Music Street
Open to accept engagements as Tenor Soloist at Concerts. Concerts directed.
Studio—Care R. S. WILLIAMS & SON, 145 Yonge St.

GEORGE F. SMEDLEY
Banjo, Guitar and Mandolin Soloist
Will receive pupils and concert engagements.
Instructor of Violin, Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Clubs. Teacher Toronto College of Music, Bishop Strachan School, Presbyterian Ladies' College.
Studio: Whaley, Royce & Co., 155 Yonge St., or College of Music, 15 Pembroke St.

MISS CARTER
389 Brunswick Avenue
TEACHER OF THE PIANO

MR. V. P. HUNT
Studied at the Leipzig Conservatory of Music with Dr. Carl Reinecke, Prof. Dr. Pappert, Herr Bruno Zwinzner.
Teacher of Piano at Toronto Conservatory of Music.
Director of Music Denzli's College, Ottawa.
Organist and Choirmaster St. John's Church, Ottawa.
Residence, 104 Maitland Street

MRS. J. W. BRADLEY
Directress and Leader of Berkeley Street Methodist Church Choir.
Vocal Teacher of Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, and Toronto Conservatory of Music.
274 Sherbourne Street, Toronto.

MRS. WILLSON-LAWRENCE
SOPRANO SOLOIST
Leading Soprano Church of the Redeemer, Member Toronto Choral Society.
CHURCH AND CONCERT
Open for engagements. For terms address Toronto Conservatory of Music, or 105 Avenue Road

DR. C. E. SAUNDERS, Tenor and Flutist
MRS. C. E. SAUNDERS, Mezzo-Soprano
Concerts, Recitals, etc.
Dr. Saunders receives pupils in singing and flute playing. In voice training he follows the methods of W. Elliott Healey. As a flutist he is a pupil of E. M. Heide and Eugene Welser.
15 King St. E. or 333 Robert Street

MRS. FRED W. LEE
Pianist and Accompanist
Pupils and concert engagements accepted
Pupil of Mr. H. M. Field.

MR. W. E. FAIRCLOUGH (F.R.C.O.)
SOLO ORGANIST
Will receive a limited number of pupils for instruction on the large organ in All Saints' Church.
Mr. Fairclough also receives pupils in Piano playing, and gives personal and correspondence lessons in Harmony and Counterpoint. Address—6 Glen Road
Or Toronto College of Music

MISS FANNIE SULLIVAN
(Former Toronto College of Music)
Concert Pianist and Accompanist
Choir Director of the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, and teacher of the Piano at the Toronto College of Music.
Concert engagements and pupils accepted.
Address—145 Parliament Street, or The Toronto College of Music.

THE D'ALESSANDRO ORCHESTRA
Music furnished for Balls, Receptions, Concerts, etc. Any number of musicians supplied on shortest notice. All the latest popular music. Also
MANDOLIN ORCHESTRA
Special for Concerts, At Homes, Receptions.
35 Arnes Street, Toronto.

MR. WM. KNAGGS' ORCHESTRA
The Latest and Most Popular Music supplied for
Concerts, Balls, Private Parties, At Homes, Etc.
For terms, etc., apply to—
70 Wood St., or Room 4, 44 Adelaide St. East.

Music
Specialities of Canada's Leading Music Importation
Which carry everything found in a FIRST-CLASS MUSIC SUPPLY HOUSE.
The "IMPERIAL"
Guitars, Mandolins, Banjos and Band Instruments
Are the BEST MANUFACTURED. All the popular music of the day.
SEND FOR CATALOGUES.
WHALEY, ROYCE & CO.
158 Yonge Street - TORONTO, Canada

ESTABLISHED 1836
S. R. WARREN & SON
CHURCH ORGAN BUILDERS
39, 41, 43, 45, 47 McMurrich Street
TORONTO

ELECTRIC ACTION A SPECIALTY
MRS. A. B. JURY, A.T.C.M., Soprano
(Gold Medalist)
MR. A. B. JURY, A.T.C.M., Baritone
Pupils for vocal or piano and concert engagements accepted.
333 George Street, Toronto
Or Metropolitan College of Music.

MR. AND MRS. G. H. OZBURN
Teachers of the Guitar, Mandolin and Banjo, also Leader of the Ozburn Guitar and Mandolin Club.
Open for concert engagements. 349 Huron Street
Or Metropolitan College of Music.

HERBERT LYE
TEACHER OF THE FLUTE
Behm and ordinary systems.
53 Gloucester Street

FOR SALE
PIPE ORGANS
ONE—2 MANUALS 23 STOPS.
ONE—2 MANUALS 11 STOPS.
ONE—1 MANUAL 6 STOPS.
FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN
Write for specifications and special prices.
EDWARD LYE & SONS
ORGAN BUILDERS
18, 20 and 22 St. Alban's Street, Toronto
ARTISTS.

Free Art Gallery
The Society of Arts of Canada, Ltd., is an institution founded to create a more general interest in art. The Society has a large free gallery in Montreal, as well as a Free Art School. They have about 150 artist members and sixty of these are exhibitors at the Paris Salon. The paintings in this gallery are sold at artists' prices, and the Society also holds a drawing weekly in which the public may take part on payment of 25 cents. Canada is too young a country to rely entirely upon sales of good paintings, and hence the privilege given to this Society to hold distributions. If a painting is not drawn the sender has the satisfaction of knowing someone else has benefited and that a taste for good paintings will be on the increase. Scripsholders are entitled to purchase the paintings of the Society at 5 per cent. reduction. A postal card sent to Mr. H. A. BRAULT, 1606 Notre Dame Street, Montreal, a gentleman who has done much to advance the cause of art, will send you all information.

J. W. L. FORSTER ARTIST
STUDIO 81 KING STREET EAST

MISS EDITH HEMMING, ARTIST
PORTRAITS AND MINIATURES
Studio, 16 St. Joseph St., Toronto. Telephone 3746.

F. W. MICKLETHWAITE
PHOTOGRAPHER
HAS REMOVED TO
Cor. Yonge and Temperance Sts.
Sunbeams, 6 for 25c.; Panels, 6 for 50c.; Diamonds, 6 for 50c. Lantern Slides made to order. Bromide enlargements. Crayons. Printing for amateurs. Out-door Views. Commercial Photographs.

EDUCATIONAL.
Confederation Life Building
Yonge & Richmond Sts., TORONTO.
British American Business College
The oldest and most reliable of its kind in the Dominion. All subjects pertaining to a business education thoroughly taught by able and experienced teachers.
O'DEA & HOSKINS

Barker's Shorthand School
14 KING ST. WEST
TORONTO
Evening Classes Open on Sept. 18
Send for new circulars.

LATIN MASTERED IN SIX WEEKS BY THE DUBRAY ANALYTICAL METHOD.
No rules, no rote-learning; the student is taught to read and write Latin in the Roman Order. Full course by mail \$6. Part I. mailed to any address, 25 cents. Pamphlet free. C. T. DUBRAY, B.A., De Brisy Latin School, Oddfellow's Hall (College and Yonge St.) Toronto.

M. J. de SALLMARD, 528 Church St.,
Of 6 years' experience in Ingersoll's School will receive pupils in French. No study, no grammar, and facility guaranteed in short time. Terms moderate. Trial lesson free.

PROFESSIONAL.
SHERMAN E. TOWNSEND
Public Accountant and Auditor
Traders' Bank Chambers, Toronto. Phone 1043

A couple were given received gentlemen Miss Hanning lady her chic admiring Toronto by every sojourn in which the in the graceful When I way alone boarded by array, you the member club. The chin he laughing I self the bo edge come A general place bet West side have move Madison a removed by the Co and family Coulthard Mr. and M now to be Mr. Will years has staff of Savings Co Inspector Investment former com Mr. Russell severance formerly ple handsome with a num books. The office of the president, expressed to lose Mr hope that be both ha degree. T Russell, he appreciation clates in a day evening the member Uster stre spent with and story, Syne, in wh Mr. Will with Messrs a position Yonge stre over the establishment Mr. J. A. sant West Mr. and Europe to her educat par Campa Miss Be Muslin Com Toronto Vo to leave for Miss Mau in Milton la A very qu gare's chur April 24, at parties belin Prudhomme met by Rev to the hou street, whe and Mrs. Vi for an exte The Eucl and frienda the residea Beconsdel departure of to her futu During the some travel her by the member for Mr. and M the Cycle In The Bask gentleman following c harpist of Paris. He reception wh and declar feel more at able, howe charming m piano and h Messrs. Ch at 36 Front 7, the large household f carriages, h life competit Resic ONE of t in this g truly super, at detached reside No. 110 Isaba Two elegant b sanitary plum building. Now price; very mu Ready for im A. WILLIS, 1 227 For a doo uncomparsed by

Social and Personal.

A couple of charming little informal teas were given on Friday last. Mrs. Blackstock received a very bright party of ladies and gentlemen, and was assisted by her friend, Miss Huntingdon of New York. This charming lady came up for the Horse Show, where her chic gown and bright face attracted many admiring glances. Mrs. McMaster returned to Toronto on Friday morning and was greeted by everyone with welcoming words after her sojourn in the South. Another pleasant tea was given at Ravenswood by Miss Arthur, at which the usual hospitalities were dispensed in the usual happy way by that cordial and graceful hostess.

When the street car, pursuing its crowded way along some quiet street at 6 p.m., is boarded by a swarm of smiling women in gala array, you may be certain the said swarm are the members of an afternoon euche or pedro club. The dame with the small package and the chin held up won the first prize, while the laughing lady with the large box confesses herself the booty. All these little scraps of knowledge come by observation.

A general change of residence has taken place between half a dozen families on the West side. Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Macdonald have moved to Mr. J. H. Thompson's house on Madison avenue. Mr. and Mrs. Thompson have removed to 137 Avenue road, lately occupied by the Coulthards. Mr. and Mrs. Coulthard and family, including Mr. and Mrs. J. Bayne Coulthard, have gone to 111 Avenue road, and Mr. and Mrs. Maston of the latter address are now to be found at 399 Huron street.

Mr. William B. Russell, who for the past six years has been a member of the Head Office staff of the Canada Permanent Loan and Savings Company, has accepted the position of Inspector of the British Canadian Loan and Investment Company. The office staff of the former company testified their high esteem for Mr. Russell and the regret they all feel at the severance of relations that have been so uniformly pleasant, by presenting him with a handsome oak book-case and secretary, together with a number of volumes of choice bound books. The presentation took place at the office of the company and was made by the president, Mr. J. Herbert Mason, who neatly expressed the sorrow felt by all that they were to lose Mr. Russell's companionship, and the hope that his future relations would prove to be both happy and successful in a very high degree. Though a genuine surprise to Mr. Russell, he expressed his thanks and his high appreciation of the good will of his old associates in a few graceful remarks. On Wednesday evening Mr. and Mrs. Russell entertained the members of the staff at their residence, 43 Uster street. The evening was pleasantly spent with games of various kinds, music, song and story, and concluded with Auld Lang Syne, in which all took part most heartily.

Mr. Will S. Ziller, for the past twelve years with Messrs. Davis Bros., Jewelers, has accepted a position with Messrs. B. & H. B. Kent, 144 Yonge street, where in future he will preside over the sales department in their palatial establishment.

Mr. J. A. McDonagh returned from a pleasant West Indian trip on Sunday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Phillips have gone to Europe to meet their daughter, who is finishing her education in Brussels. They sail to-day per Campania from New York.

Miss Bessie Bonsall, lately of the Ovid Music Company, sang last Thursday for the Toronto Vocal Society. Miss Bonsall expects to leave for England at the end of the month.

Miss Maud Snarr of 303 Huron street sang in Milton last week.

A very quiet wedding took place in St. Margaret's church, Spadina avenue, on Wednesday, April 24, at seven o'clock p.m., the contracting parties being Mr. E. N. Verner and Miss Cora Prudhomme. After the nuptial knot had been tied by Rev. Mr. Moore, the guests adjourned to the house of the bride's mother, Major street, where a delightful time was spent. Mr. and Mrs. Verner left on the ten o'clock train for an extended tour through the eastern cities.

The Euclid avenue Methodist church choir and friends spent a very pleasant evening at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Summerfield, 74 Beaconsfield avenue, on April 25, prior to the departure of their daughter, Mrs. W. Jackson, to her future home in Edmonton, Alberta. During the evening an address and a handsome traveling toilet-case were presented to her by the choir, of which she had been a member for many years.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Moon are summering at the Cycle Inn, Lake Shore road.

Successful in Boston.
The Boston Home Journal, referring to a gentleman recently of Toronto, speaks in the following cordial terms: Signor Fabiani, a harpist of repute, is the latest arrival from Paris. He is delighted with the warmth of the reception which has been given him in Boston, and declares that no stranger could be made to feel more at home than he. It is not remarkable, however, for Signor Fabiani is a very charming man. He will receive pupils in voice, piano and harp at 754 Tremont street.

Messrs. Charles M. Henderson & Co. will sell at 36 Front street west on Tuesday next, May 7, the largest and most valuable collection of household furniture, pianos, carpets, horses, carriages, harness, etc., ever submitted to public competition in the city.

Residence for Sale

ONE of the MOST PERFECT HOMES in this growing metropolis, being that entirely new, truly superb, cabinet finished, brown stone, pressed brick, detached residence.
No. 120 Isabella St., N. W. cor. of Sherbourne
Two elegant bathrooms, guest's private lavatory, exposed sanitary plumbing and combined hot water and hot air heating. Now is the very time to purchase. Rock bottom price; very small amount of cash required and low interest. Ready for immediate occupancy. Apply to, or address, A. WILKINSON, Toronto St., cor. King St. Tel. 1003.
For a doctor or dentist this special location would be unsurpassed by any in Toronto.

"CANADA FIRST"
Taylor's Perfumes
REGISTERED ODORS
WHITE JASMIN—TRADE MARK No. 5213
WHITE CARNATION—TRADE MARK No. 5212
MANZANITA—TRADE MARK No. 5194
WHITE VIOLET
JOHN TAYLOR & CO. PERfumers, TORONTO.

The Hand that Rocks the Cradle Rules the Nation

Be that as it may, it RULES THE EXPENDITURE OF MANY HOUSEHOLDS. An economical housewife, after investigation, buys a

DUCHESS OF OXFORD RANGE

because it gives the best results for the least expenditure.

Illustrated Catalogue sent on application. For sale by ANY RESPONSIBLE DEALER
MANUFACTURED BY
The GURNEY FOUNDRY CO., Ltd. - - TORONTO

Miss Paynter 3 King St. East

Will commence on Monday, 25th inst., a
...Grand Clearing Sale...

of the finest selected stock in Toronto of

...High Class Millinery...

as she intends retiring from the business. This will afford the ladies of Toronto an excellent opportunity of purchasing the latest styles in French, English and American Millinery at greatly reduced cash prices.

MISS PAYNTER, 3 King St. East

Minstrel Entertainment

UNDER AUSPICES
TORONTO DIVISION No. 2, U. R.
KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS
IN
AUDITORIUM
MONDAY, MAY 6th, 1895

Plan opens at Whaley, Royce & Co.'s, 158 Yonge Street, on and after Thursday, May 3.
Reserved Seats 35c. General Admission 25c.

MISS H. MACEWAN Late of New York
HAS OPENED OUT THE
DRESSMAKING PARLORS
OF R. WALKER & SONS, and is prepared to make Costumes in the latest style.

GENTLEMAN'S NURSE AND ATTENDANT desires engagement. Hospital experience. References if required.
J. WILLIAMS, 280 Shaw Street.

... MONUMENTAL ...
D. MCINTOSH & SONS
Manufacturers and Importers of Granite and Marble Monuments. Lowest prices and best designs in Canada. Write up before buying elsewhere. Office and Showroom—624 Yonge Street, Works—Yonge Street, Deer Park.

Beautiful Summer Residence with Board
PINE VILLA
16 SPADINA ROAD - - - TORONTO

This house is finely situated on the west side of Spadina Road, close to the Belt Line Cars and in the vicinity of some of the principal churches and clubs of the city. It is in the midst of extensive grounds, has wide, shady verandahs, double lawn tennis court, and with the beauty and health of location offers special advantages as a summer residence. The house contains drawing and reception rooms, library and a number of large, handsome bedrooms with mantles and grates, also several smaller rooms suitable for single ladies or gentlemen. Very superior table and attendance with the comforts of a well appointed home. Terms on application. References required. Telephone 3545
MRS. JOHN B. MASON
16 Spadina Road.

Wall Papers
AND
Interior Decorations

Stained Glass
AND
Room Mouldings

First-class men always on hand for town or country.

ELLIOTT & SON
94 Bay Street

Mantles, Millinery and Costumes

R. WOLFE
THE WELL-KNOWN LADIES' TAILOR, IS SHOWING
The Finest Line of Ladies' Jackets in the Dominion

Pretty Little Tailor Capes of Royal Velvet, Silk Velvet or Ottoman Silk, lined with any shade of Silk and trimmed with Jet or Lace, from \$6.00 up. Also same style of Capes in any shade of Cloths, from \$3.00 up.
We have made special reduction in Tailor-Made Costumes as follows:
All-wool Tweeds from \$15.00 to \$20.00
In any shade of Serge from \$12.00 to \$15.00
Duck, Percales or Linens from \$6.00 to \$12.00
The Costumes to order complete.
Our Fancy Costumes in any shade of Orepion, trimmed with Lace or Jet, \$20.00 to \$25.00, are not to be equalled in the city. Style, fit and finish guaranteed the best.
Our Millinery is the prettiest in the city. Latest Novelties from Paris and New York, besides our own novel designs. Call and inspect our stock.
R. WOLFE, the Leading Ladies' Tailor
107 YONGE STREET
Mail orders promptly attended to.

What About Muskoka?

Already we have made shipments of camping supplies to our friends who have left for Muskoka and vicinity. We offer at uniformly low prices a large variety of goods suitable for the camp or picnic, etc. The quality is the best that money can buy. All orders, whether by mail, telephone or person, will receive the careful attention of those in special charge of our shipping department. Send for our illustrated catalogue, compare prices and not the quality of the goods offered, then we think that in justice to yourself you will send your order to—

MacWILLIE BROS.
GROCERS

Confederation Life Building
Phone 326 TORONTO

If you appreciate delicious Coffee, try our pure dry roast at 35¢ per lb.
Express prepaid to any station within 100 miles of Toronto.

CarPetS CleAned

By the best and most improved system. The cost is so low you had better send word and let us do them for you. All work guaranteed.

Telephone 1057 Telephone 1068
Or Call at Or Call at
160 Queen West 436 Yonge Street

J. & J. L. O'MALLEY

NOTE—436 Yonge St. is our new Furniture Store, just opened out this week

Mr. Will S. Ziller

For many years associated with Messrs. Davis Bros., Jewelers,

"KENTS"

Palatial Jewelry Store
144 YONGE STREET

CHAS. M. HENDERSON & CO.
167 Yonge St., near Queen St.

GRAND COMBINATION
AUCTION SALE

\$25,000 Worth of Elegant, Costly and Rare

Household Furniture

Valuable Concert Grand Pianoforte, cost \$1,000; Elegant Upright Pianoforte, cost \$800, nearly new

30 Elegant Drawing-room Suites, Mahogany, Oak and Black Walnut Frames, upholstered in the finest of silk coverings, Reception, Corner, Gold and other Fancy Silk Chairs, Embossed Leather Chairs, Easy Chairs and Couches, 50 Solid Oak and other Bedroom Sets, ranging in value from \$30 to \$300, 35 Solid Oak and other Sideboards (latest designs), 25 Oak and other Hall Hat Stands, Chiffoniers (in mahogany and rosewood), Massive Bookcases and Secretaries, about 1500 yards of new and second-hand Wilton, Brussels and other Carpets, English Plate Mirrors, Musical Boxes, Valuable Bronzes, Marble Figures, Center Hall, Library Extension and other Tables, handsome Rattan Chairs, Rockers, Settees, in great variety, Turkish and Swiss Lace Curtains, a fine collection of Oil Paintings and Water Colors, Gasaliers, Large Black Walnut Sideboard (cost \$500), Mahogany and other valuable pieces; also
The Complete Furnishings of 4 Residences

2 Valuable Horses, one Victoria by Dixon (cost \$500).
1 Dog Cart (two-wheeled).
1 Set of Double Harness.
1 Set Brass-mounted Harness.
1 English Saddle (gent's).
1 Lady's Saddle.
3 Robes, etc.

ON
Tuesday, May 7, '95
AT THE MAMMOTH SHOWROOMS
No. 36 Front Street West

This is, without exception, the most important auction sale that has taken place in Toronto for some years, and is well worthy the attention of parties furnishing, as the collection comprises some very rare pieces, and will be sold without the least reserve.
Sale precisely at 11 o'clock.

C. M. HENDERSON & CO., Auctioneers.
Telephone 1098.

Artist Auto-Harps

In every respect "up-to-date," also our Concert and Regular size
GUITARS

Beautiful in finish, elegant in tone. These goods are made in our immense piano and church organ factory by high-class artisans, specially imported for our musical instrument department.
Prices made highly attractive.

R. S. WILLIAMS & SONS CO. (Ltd.)
143 Yonge Street, Toronto

DENTISTRY.
MALCOLM W. SPARROW, Dentist
Crown and Bridge Work a Specialty
N. W. Cor. Spadina Ave. and Queen Street, Toronto.
TELEPHONE 2394.

N. PEARSON Telephone 1978
DENTIST

135 YONGE STREET
5 Doors North of Adelaide TORONTO

DR. CHAS. J. RODGERS
DENTIST
Oddfellows' Building, cor. Yonge & Colborne Sts.

MR. FRANKLIN J. ANDREWS, Dentist
Room G, Confederation Life Building, Yonge and Richmond Streets, formerly Yonge and Queen Streets, Toronto. Telephone 1086.

DR. HAROLD CLARK Tel 1940
DENTIST
45 King Street West (Over Hooper's Drug Store), TORONTO.

MASSAGE.

MASSAGE—THOMAS J. R. COOK
Graduate of West End Hospital, London, Eng.
301 KING STREET WEST
References from leading physicians. Phone 1296

MEDICAL.

JOHN B. HALL, M.D., Homoeopathist
315-315 Jarvis Street
Diseases of Children and Nervous Diseases of men and women. Hours—11 to 12 a.m. and 4 to 6 p.m.

A. M. ROSEBRUGH, M.D.
EYE AND EAR SURGEON
Has Removed to 223 Church St., Toronto

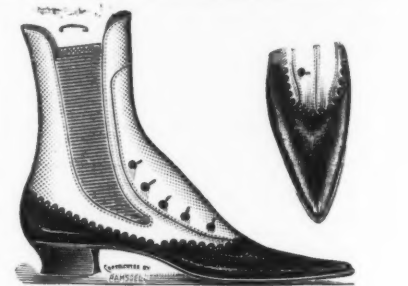
Spring Footwear Arriving Daily

Latest ideas in Boots and Shoes, both Black and Tan. Medium grades that cannot be beat for price and fit.

Special Line of Oxford Shoes at \$2

H. & C. BLACHFORD
Headquarters for Fine and Medium Grade Goods.

83 to 89
King Street East
Toronto



NEW TAN SHOES

For Ladies and Gents arriving daily. All the newest styles at

W. L. WALLACE'S, 110 Yonge St.

Spring Goods Arriving Daily

Ladies' Oxford and Congress in Black and Tan

Men's, Boys' and Youths' in Black and Tan

Gents' Patent in Button, Lace, Congress and Oxfords

Bicycle and Lacrosse Shoes

The J. D. KING CO., Ltd.
79 King Street East

HOTEL DEL MONTE PRESTON

Preston Mineral Springs and Baths

Are a positive cure for Rheumatic and Nervous affections. Open the year round.
The most beautiful place on earth to spend your summer vacation.
For particulars apply—
R. WALTER, Proprietor, Preston, Ont.

SEEDS
Plants, Roses
Shrubs, Bulbs
Tools, Etc.
EVERYTHING FOR THE GARDEN

Our "Queen City" LAWN GRASS is the best Lawn Seed for our Canadian Climate.
See our Catalogue for the Cream of all Sweet Peas.

The STEELE, BRIGGS, MARCON SEED CO.
130-132 King St. East. Tel. 1892. Ltd.

TORONTO SAVINGS & LOAN CO.
Subscribed Capital.....\$1,000,000
Paid up Capital.....\$500,000
FOUR PER CENT. interest allowed on deposits, and paid or compounded half-yearly. Money to lend.
F. W. SCOTT, Secretary,
10 King Street West.

C. STEDMAN FIEROE, 3 King St. E.
Toronto, Manicure, 10 treatments \$3.00; one for 60¢. Accordion Playing, Fluting and Perfumery. Orders by mail promptly attended to. Toilet rooms.

"135" CURES Grip
ONE DOSE RELIEVES
THREE DOSES CURES

Harbottle's Rossin House Drug Store

R. WALKER & SONS



Ladies' Ready-to-Wear Garments

- London and New York Shirt Waists**
—The newest percales in the best styles, \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50.
- Nobby Styles in Silk Blouse Waists**
—Pretty styles in Washing Silks and Small Checks.
—A choice selection of colors, \$4.75 to \$6.
- Ladies' Cashmere and Crepon Tea Gowns**
—In a variety of light tints, handsomely trimmed, \$8 to \$14.
- Ladies' Tailor-Made Costumes**
—A great variety in Serge, Tweed and Covert Cloth.
—The very newest in cut, style and pattern, \$6.50 to \$12.
- New York Duck Suits**
—Just to hand, a crisp, stylish lot, \$2 to \$4.

DEPEND ON US. THE PRICES ARE CLOSE

R. WALKER & SONS

33 to 43 KING STREET EAST

The... Home Piano

Teachers Find our

Upright Pianos

the most satisfactory for TONE, TOUCH and DURABILITY. Ask about it.

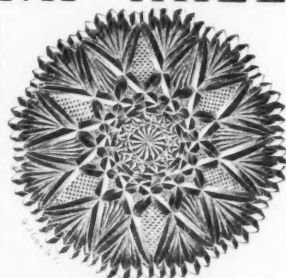
The Record, the Name, the Age, the number Sold and in Use, TELL THE TALE.

Our Showrooms:
117 King St. West
TORONTO

HEINTZMAN & CO.

CHINA HALL

A SELECTION OF THE LATEST NOVELTIES IN
Cut Glass Flower Tubes
AND
Glass Table Decorations



JUNIOR & IRVING, 49 King Street East

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

GARTSHORE—April 29, Mrs. John J. Gartshore—a son.
WILLIAMSON—April 28, Mrs. J. W. Williamson—a son.
LANGLOIS—April 30, Mrs. W. H. Langlois—a daughter.
LEONARD—April 29, Mrs. C. J. Leonard—a son.
CARMICHAEL—April 28, Mrs. Fred Carmichael—a son.
LAWSON—April 27, Mrs. James Lawson—a daughter.

Marriages.

ACRES—LARKIN—On Monday, April 29, at the residence of the bride's father, St. Catharines, by Rev. Dean Harris, John Jackson Acres, of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, Paris, Ont., to Annie, second daughter of P. Larkin.
BOYS—REINER—Barrie, April 30, W. A. Boys to Sophie Reiner.
CUTHBERTSON—FILLIS—April 24, Robert Cuthbertson to Janet S. Fillis.

Deaths.

FELES—April 30, Adelaide Norman Feles, aged 3.
FERGUSON—April 29, Janet Brodie Ferguson.
TAYLOR—April 28, Sarah Taylor, aged 80.
JOHNSTON—April 24, William Johnston, aged 66.
ATKINSON—Richmond Hill, Mary Atkinson, aged 67.
DAVIDSON—Aberdeen, April 30, Dr. Davidson.
LEWIS—April 30, David Sier Lewis, aged 73.

DR. G. L. BALL

Tel. 2138

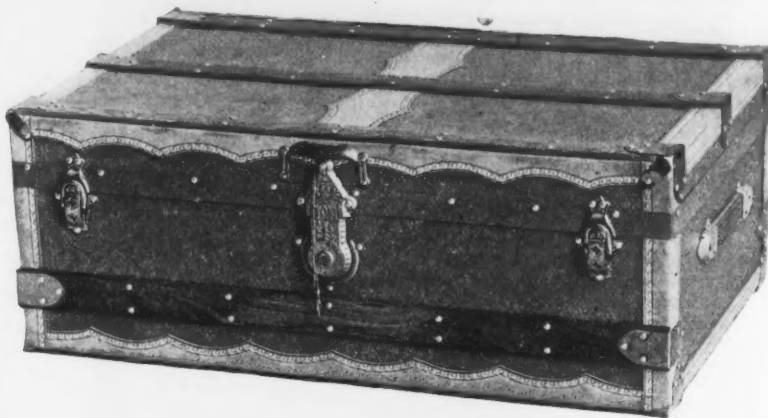
Following dissolution of partnership, remains in Dr. Hipkins' late office, cor. Yonge and Gerrard Streets.



THE GREAT CLEANSER
REDUCED TO SIX CENTS
ALL GROCERS

Canvas Covered Steamer Trunks

We are surpassing European and American manufacturers both in artistic skill and design.



Fancy Leather Bound with Brass Corners.....	32 in. \$7.00	34 in. \$7.50	36 in. \$8.00
Leather Bound with Brass Corners.....	32 in. 5.00	34 in. 5.25	36 in. 5.50
Iron Bound with Brass Corners.....	32 in. 3.15	34 in. 3.40	36 in. 3.65

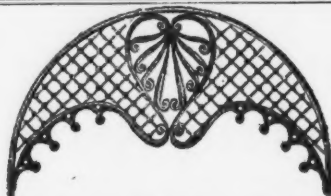
TRAVELLERS ON
LAKE AND OCEAN STEAMERS
MUST HAVE

...STATEROOM TRUNKS...

H. E. CLARKE & CO.

The Julian Sale Leather Goods Co., Ltd.

Manufacturers of Travelling Goods, Purses, Pocketbooks and Leather Work of all description. 105 KING ST. WEST



Artistic House Decorations
Grille and Moorish Fretwork for Arches, Stairs, Screens, Etc.
Send name for lot of designs, free.
Otterville Manuf'g Co., Ltd.
OTTERVILLE, ONT.
Please mention SATURDAY NIGHT.

Confederation Life Assembly Hall

Cor. Yonge and Richmond Sts.

Is highly adapted for

At Homes, Banquets, Assemblies, Lectures, Rehearsals, Conventions, Etc.

The accommodation in connection with the above hall is of the highest order, heated by steam and lighted by Electricity, ventilated by Electric Fans, large Dining-room and Kitchen with range; also retiring and dressing rooms on the same floor. For full particulars apply to

A. M. CAMPBELL,
Confederation Building, 8 Richmond Street East.

Novel Effects...

In striped and panel papers are among the latest additions to my stock. Prices run from 25c. per roll up. Some of these designs are illustrated in a neat booklet, entitled, "Sketches of Interiors." Mailed free to any address.

William H. Elliott

(LATE OF ELLIOTT & SON)

40 KING STREET EAST

CORTICELLI



Best in the World

J. L. JONES ENG. CO. TORONTO

McKENDRY'S

Something for Nothing

When one reads an advertisement in which "something" of value is offered for "nothing," it naturally occurs to us that there's some "fake" behind the offer, and properly so. Not so in this case, however. We are interested in the offer now made, still we think that any lady in Canada has a partnership in the interest. This store is now recognized as being one of the busiest in Canada. Not a day passes in which every aisle and department is not crowded with buyers. At great expense we have published a large catalogue, illustrated and compiled in such a way that people living out of town can order goods by mail almost as well as they could do in person. Any reader of SATURDAY NIGHT living out of town can have a copy mailed free on receipt of post card giving name and post office address. If you have a catalogue from another store it will be interesting to compare prices of the best known merchandise and see just what can be saved by trading here. The edition is limited, so please write now.

McKENDRY & CO.

202 to 208 Yonge Street

TORONTO

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

NAVIGATION OPEN

S. S. ALBERTA

Monday, May 6th

S. S. ATHABASCA

Thursday, May 9th

Will leave Owen Sound for

UPPER LAKE PORTS

Campagne General Transatlantique

FRENCH LINE

ONLY DIRECT LINE TO FRANCE

New Fast Express Steamer

A. FORGET, General Agent, New York. R. M. MELVILLE, Agent, 34 Adelaide St. East, Toronto.

A RELIABLE FAMILY MEDICINE—No Morphine! No Opium! It is made with GLYCERINE instead of Alcohol.

MANLEY'S Celery Nerve COMPOUND

As a Health Restorer after "La Grippe" it is unsurpassed. Dropsy, Debility, Nervousness, Dependancy and all Weaknesses are conquered by it. Restores the most delicate to health. SOLD EVERYWHERE, OR WRITE LION MEDICINE CO., TORONTO. ASK FOR "MANLEY'S." TAKE NO OTHER.